

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1946

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A MESSAGE FROM THE GRAND EXALTED RULER



GREETINGS: This is my first message, and while it is brief, it touches upon an event in the history of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks that will demonstrate that we do keep the faith with those who have served us in time of war.

On Wednesday, July 14, 1926, the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, located on Lake View Avenue and Diversey Parkway on the shores of Lake Michigan, was dedicated to the veterans who made the supreme sacrifice in World War I. On the afternoon of September 8, 1946, twenty years later, we will again assemble to do a like honor for the veterans of World War II. It will be a day of tender memories, and an opportunity to show our gratitude. If we fail them now we do not deserve to enjoy the priceless freedom that they fought for and which is ours to enjoy. We can't bring them back, but we can write on memory's page a message of love and devotion. Less we cannot do. Not all the members of our Order can

gather there on that day, but thousands of Elks in the area surrounding Chicago can join with us and make it a memorable occasion.

May I, on this occasion, invite you to attend the ceremonies and to spend a few hours in this Memorial Building which, with its tablets and beautiful murals, symbolizes the love and reverence we feel for those who gave so much and received so little in recognition. I am happy to say that U. S. Senator Alben W. Barkley, the Senate's majority leader and a member of Paducah, Ky., Lodge, No. 217, will be the principal speaker on this memorable occasion. Let us keep alive within our own ranks the spirit of devotion and the pleasure of doing deeds of kindness that our Nation and the world at large may enjoy the fruits of a lasting peace.

E. E. Bruffton



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THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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IN THIS ISSUE We Present—

MAL SINGER, who is finally back from the Service, has contributed a particularly pleasant cover to us this month and we give you his version of one of the country's rising sports.

The new Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Charles E. Broughton, tells us it is not his intention to contribute a message every month. However, Mr. Broughton, in extending his greetings, calls attention to the rededication of the Elks National Memorial Building in Chicago on September 8th when Senator Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky will be the principal speaker.

Pages 4 and 5 start you off with a story about a dog who is a hero—as so frequently happens to be the case in fiction. Jack Floherty, who did that cover you liked last month, is the illustrator.

Among the thousands of new industries pushed into prominence by the war is that of microfilming. In "Midget Magic", on pages 8 and 9, George Weinstein gives you a thumbnail sketch of what the work already accomplished promises for the future. Note the microfilming in the illustrations. They are all pages from previous issues of *The Elks Magazine* and are, in microfilm, close to the size you see them in the illustration itself.

We debated in our minds about printing the illustrations on pages 10 to 13, feeling that they are pretty brutal. However, "It's Not Funny" is a brutal story and needs to be told. This writer accompanied Mr. Cave on the *USS Nameless* where he saw what Mr. Cave saw, and can vouch for the accuracy of his statements.

For those of you who are planning to visit New York during the next month we present again our stage and screen recommendations. The New York theater season is usually weak during the warm months, but we have dug up a few annuals and perennials which will keep any theater-goer happy.

On the fraternal side a good deal of our space this month is devoted to the social side of the Grand Lodge Convention. As you have heard before, this particular Reunion of the Grand Lodge was more than usually brilliant. Space does not permit us to give the story the bang-up job it deserves, but perhaps our account will give you an idea of what went on.

The parade down Fifty Avenue was a colorful affair—the first of its kind here in New York since the start of the war. Pictures and story of this biggest of all Elks Conventions come on pages 22 to 26.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, with commendable speed, has already appointed his District Deputies. The list of their names and lodges appears on page 38. The Supplementary Report of the Elks National Foundation's Board of Trustees is also contained in this issue. C.P.

Fame and Fortune lay before him



as **JAMES CROW**
looked down on Fair Kentucky

Coming over the mountains about 1825,
James Crow introduced new methods and standards
which revolutionized the making of whiskey in America.



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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

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Illustrated By JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.



"Look, Clay." He had never seen her so intent. "Nothing will do your heart more good than to be happy."

**Ladybelle was no ordinary dog—
She was a Marine,
a veteran of the Pacific,
and a fighter—**

"Every Dog Has His Day"

by **Dickson Hartwell**

AT FIRST the bands from both the lodges had turned out and the air at the depot was full of quickening music, brassy with cymbals and loud with drums. Even the mayor would be there and Lineas T. Pelham, president of the Meade County Trust Company, made resonant little speeches of welcome which sounded nice though not even Jim Lucas, of the *Blade*, could remember afterward what was said.

But the town of Summerville soon became bored with turning out to honor homecoming veterans. The four-foot "WELCOME" sign over the firehouse became faded, like last summer's circus poster, and was frankly drooping. Pieces of paper bunting clung with lessening tenacity to the lamp posts. Even Ray Burns who had got the Silver Star at Leyte, was met only by his family. And one or two boys wearing the Purple Heart limped from the station over to Jake's Taxi Stand and rode home alone.

So it wasn't strange that Clay Henry was the only one at the station when the train brought Ladybelle home from the Pacific. He'd come early and waited now near the end of the platform where he thought the baggage car would stop—waited and wondered how a dismal failure like himself should greet a returning hero like Ladybelle. Perhaps he couldn't have helped it because neither the army, navy nor merchant marine would accept him. But at least he might have done something as a civilian; made tanks or bombs or airplanes or something. Searching back over the three years Ladybelle had been away, Clay couldn't discover one good reason why he hadn't quit the bank and got a war job. He had always meant to, sometime, but the time was never right. Then after V-E Day he was afraid

to take a job that might soon be ended. And that was the kind of gutless goon who was now waiting to welcome home a hero.

The four-car train fussed to a stop. The agent lifted the crate from the baggage car while Clay stood by wishing he could help. Would she remember him? Even if she did, would she bother with him? He fumbled at the crate latch. Ladybelle stepped out slowly and majestically and shook the powerhouse of her sixty-pound German shepherd frame; shook it with a vigor that hinted at the reason Marines on Okinawa had nicknamed her Tigerlady.

Clay called to her softly, as softly as a man woos a woman whose love he wants to reclaim. Ladybelle cocked an ear, stretched toward him and sniffed. Then her face came alive; she leaped up and on him, hitting his sawallow chest with her forepaws, her tongue licking his soft white cheeks, his sad blue eyes, his straight firm nose, anything its lapping wetness could reach. Pushed backward, Clay clung to her thick-furred gray shoulders, smiling inside and out like a child on Christmas morning.

"Oh, Ladybelle," he said, partly to her but more to himself, "Ladybelle, you didn't forget. You do care!"

Clay lived at Mrs. Wilkes' boarding house just as he had done since the day when he had got his final army turn-down and had sent Ladybelle off to Dogs for Defense to fight in his place. The two of them were the last of the Meade County Henrys. Not much to end a line with, Clay constantly reminded himself, he with his slight figure and his heart flutters. But Ladybelle was strong of heart and body, fit to be a real Henry. And she had a mind too. Clay had trained her from puppyhood till she was the best sheep dog in the county. And then he'd taught her trailing

and all he knew of police work. He'd known she was tops and would make the grade in any man's war. The AP dispatch from Iwo Jima telling how a war dog named Ladybelle had saved a Marine platoon by warning of a Jap infiltration only proved that. He'd been sure that it had been *his* Ladybelle; there couldn't have been another. Besides it was the work of a real Henry.

But now when she had curled up comfortably on her bed in his room he had the awful task of admitting to her that he had failed again—failed in being a Henry. How should he do it? Be jovial and say, "Look, old girl, we're practically on the town." But that sounded like a movie Englishman. Perhaps he could do it this way: "Ladybelle, I'm losing my job at the bank. Lineas T. Pelham says he has got to give my job back to John Buchalter, *Lieutenant* Buchalter. 'Veterans first, my boy,' he said. And I agree. But you see, Ladybelle, there's enough work there for me, too. Mr. Pelham's just making this an excuse to get rid of me. He thinks—he said it once, right out, 'You're a weakling, Clay. There's no fight in you.' So now's his chance and he's letting me go."

But that sounded too much like self-pity, Clay decided. That tone certainly wasn't right for Ladybelle. He'd better not try to say anything. Maybe, he thought hopefully, maybe Martha would explain to Ladybelle. That would fix it. Martha could do anything.

As far back as he could remember, Clay Henry remembered being in love with Martha Taber. When he was eight and wanted to join up with a gang of boys who called themselves the Night Pirates, and dug caves on Saturdays, they'd fluffed him off and taken tomboy Martha instead. He knew then that she was magnificent.

He could feel Ladybelle's fur bristle before he relaxed his grasp and backed away.



At twelve when he'd nearly drowned in the flooded creek, she'd fished him out. In high school he'd been a fair tennis player, proud of the way he made up with agility and brain what he lacked in strength. But Martha learned to play and in less than a month she beat him—beat him though he tried so hard he fainted from exhaustion when the match was over. The doctor said he couldn't play tennis or anything much after that.

When that happened he was ashamed to see Martha except casually. He knew he could never stand up to her, or be her equal in anything. He hated the loneliness that came when he turned aside her suggestions of movies or football games or picnics to the lake. Only after his mother died and he picked a gray shepherd puppy from the last of the Henry goods and chattels to remain unsold, did his heartache ease with increasing affection for Ladybelle. From that time on Ladybelle was his companion, his confidential friend. With a pal like Ladybelle he didn't need a girl.

But when Ladybelle went off to

war and Clay got his job at the bank Martha had come in one day and practically marched him by his ears to her house for dinner. While he checked her deposit slip she had asked simply, "Which is it to be, Clay?"

"Which what, Martha?" he'd answered absently, without looking up.

"Are you coming to the Tabers' for dinner tonight, or will I dine with you at Mrs. Wilkes'?"

So he had gone once and many times since and enjoyed it. And even though he told himself it was only because so many of the other kids were in the service, he had to admit that Martha showed real liking for him. Or at least she treated him with a certain friendly fondness.

The president of the Meade County Trust Company, Mr. Lineas T. Pelham was an expansive gentleman given to booming heartiness when talking with a stockholder or major depositor. At such times his laugh could be heard resounding through the bank and clerks and tellers and even the assistant treasurer would perk up and smile as though the sun had suddenly come out. Mr. Pelham

kept his desk right out in the open where everyone could see him—"What have I got to hide?" he'd laugh, "except this," and he'd pat his rounded belly and shake it by laughing more. He was charitable, when the right people were back of the charity, and he was especially fond of receiving letters addressed, "Lineas T. Pelham, Esq."

But there was another side to Mr. Pelham, one which was usually shown to the farmers of Coon Valley. They never saw his belly shake but they did see his lips grow thin and his eyes harden and they did hear him say, "No," in the silence of the hushed bank where employees quieted like hawk-warned quail when Mr. Pelham's talk was to mortgage renewals. He had one phrase to amplify his refusals: "Asking me to risk my depositors' money any longer on your place is like asking me to steal it. I am not a thief." It had been rumored he had said that to Clay's mother when he foreclosed the Henry place and that was what killed her. But lots of people were afraid of Mr. Pelham and the rumor died aborning.

When Clay and Ladybelle entered the bank at eight the first morning after the dog's return, Mr. Pelham took one look at the shepherd and put on his Coon Valley expression. He stood up though as the pair came over to his desk.

"Mr. Pelham," Clay began, "I want you to meet my dog Ladybelle."

Hearing her name Ladybelle picked up her ears, went up on her hind legs and placed her forepaws firmly on Mr. Pelham's expansive chest, looking around for an exposed place to lick.

Mr. Pelham reddened. "Take that brute off of me," he demanded.

"Ladybelle doesn't mean anything. She just wants to be friendly," Clay protested.

"Take that dog out of this bank."

"It's that I wanted to see you about, Mr. Pelham. You see Ladybelle has just come back from overseas and I haven't any place to leave her during the day. I thought she might just curl up by my desk. No one will know she's there and she won't bother anybody . . . You see," Clay saw from the expression on the banker's face that his plea was losing—"I'm only going to be here a week and she won't bother anybody," he ended lamely.

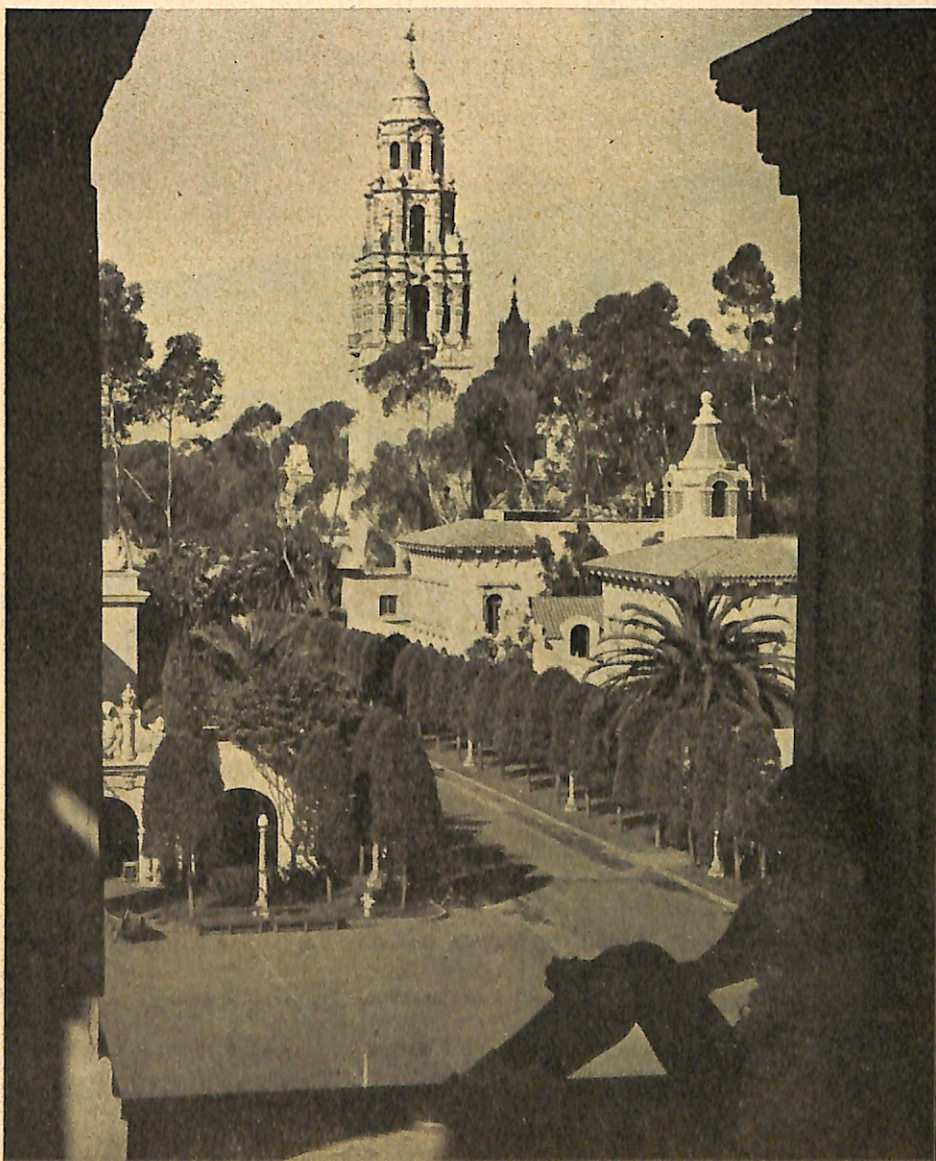
"Obviously not," said Mr. Pelham brushing at the dusty paw prints on his coat. "Other than jumping on the

(Continued on page 50)

VACATIONS UNLIMITED

After sweating it out during the war, California is having it—a tourist boom.

By Al Frantz



World-famous Balboa Park in San Diego is presided over by the Stately California Tower.

LABOR DAY, in many sections of the country, ends the vacation season with the same finality that ringing down the curtain after the third act ends a play. Not so, however, in California, where September starts a "second summer" in many respects more delightful than summer itself.

California forgot the tourist trade during the war years and turned instead to manufacturing airplanes, building ships and entertaining the multitude of soldiers and sailors who crowded its ports. Now the work clothes are put away, the cities have become less crowded, the harbors no longer teem with craft on their way to war and the state is returning to its traditional role as a leading host to the nation's travelers. As in other parts of the country, making reservations in advance is still the better part of wisdom, but the chances of getting space during September and the next few months are the best of any time since V-J day.

Three cities—San Francisco to the north, San Diego to the south and Los Angeles midway between the two—have long been the pivots of travelers to California. September is an ideal month in all of them. In San Francisco, which is always cool, it is one of the warmest and therefore most pleasant months of the year (the daily maximum temperature is only 68.5 degrees). In San Diego September means cooler days and the continuance of swimming at the beaches; and in Los Angeles, the opening of the movie premier season plus the return of major shows to the radio networks, at nearby Hollywood.

For many travelers the greatest appeal of San Francisco has always been its Chinatown, largest Chinese settlement outside of Asia. During the war merchandise ran low in many of its stores and quality deteriorated. Now, however, a trickle of new supplies from the Orient has started and it is not unusual to see Chinatown streets piled with rows of new bamboo, wicker and other

(Continued on page 58)

MIDGET MAGIC



IT WAS the year 1870. The Germans had forged an iron ring around Paris. With all railroad and telegraph lines cut, the capital was completely shut off from the rest of the country—except for carrier pigeons that managed to get through once in a while with important messages.

The city was in desperate straits. Help from unoccupied France might save it—if that help could be quickly organized and marshalled against the invader. But how could that be done with the communications system paralyzed? Not more than a



few messages could be tied to the leg of a pigeon without impeding its flight. René Dagron, a photographer in the besieged capital, had an idea. By photographing those messages and reproducing them in miniature, he could dispatch 3500 of them on the same pellicle that formerly carried but a few. These tiny photographs would go to a central distribution point, Tours, where they could be enlarged to readable size and sent out to the rest of the country.

Dagron's idea did not save Paris, as we know. But it was the forerunner of V-Mail, which was based on this same principle of microphotography, or microfilming. The

The Recordak Library Film Reader which enables you to read 16 mm. and 35 mm. microfilm records.



By George Weinstein

Microfilm is joining hands with the printing press in bringing the world's wisdom and knowledge to the doorstep of every man.

spectacular job done by V-Mail, which enabled a plane to carry 9,600,000 letters overseas in one trip instead of 135,000, is but one of the highly successful chores performed by microfilm during the war. And now in peace—in business, industry, the arts and sciences, book publishing, libraries, education—it is being hailed as the greatest invention since the typewriter, or even since the printing press, some of its more rabid enthusiasts insist.

Briefly, microfilming consists of photographing in miniature, letters, checks, business records, books, maps—practically anything that can be photographed—on hundred-foot rolls of film. By means of a special lens, the objects photographed appear on the film at about one-one hundredth

can be looked up in no more time than it takes to thumb through a regular filing cabinet.

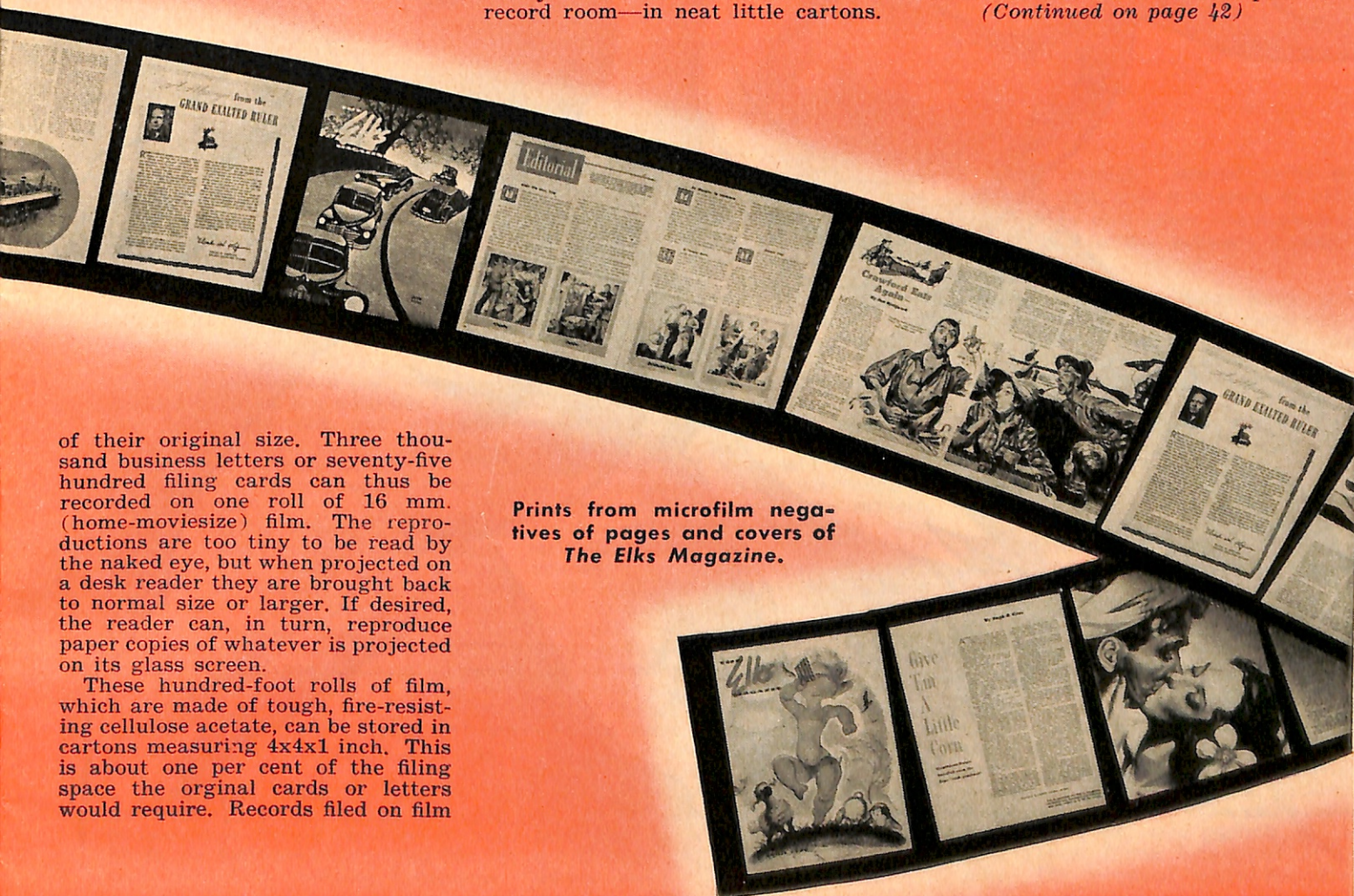
The ninety-nine per cent saving in space is what gets most people interested in microfilm. The record room of the Cook County General Hospital in Chicago, with an annual accumulation of 72,000 case histories, charts, and other voluminous records, was swamped. The room, quite adequate when the hospital was built, was now reduced to a sorting station for records on their way to wherever filing space could be found. The way filing cabinets were spilling out all over the hospital, it would eventually be a question of patients or records. Looking up a case history or some other information was developing into an all-day project. Then someone heard of microfilm. Today all the files are back in the record room—in neat little cartons.

Busy doctors no longer fume and fret while record clerks descend into subcellar vaults to dig through bulgy cabinets and unwieldy tomes.

A similar problem arose at the Ford Motor Company's Willow Run bomber plant during the war. Each Liberator required about 13,000 typewritten pages of data for a complete production record. Microfilming was able to compress the records for each plane into four rolls of film. Westinghouse is in the midst of photographing two million blueprints, engineering drawings and charts on which all of its patents and manufacturing processes are based. Piled up over the last sixty years, they now require an acre of space. When the job is finished these records will fit into a vault ten feet square.

But space-saving alone does not account for microfilm's widespread

(Continued on page 42)

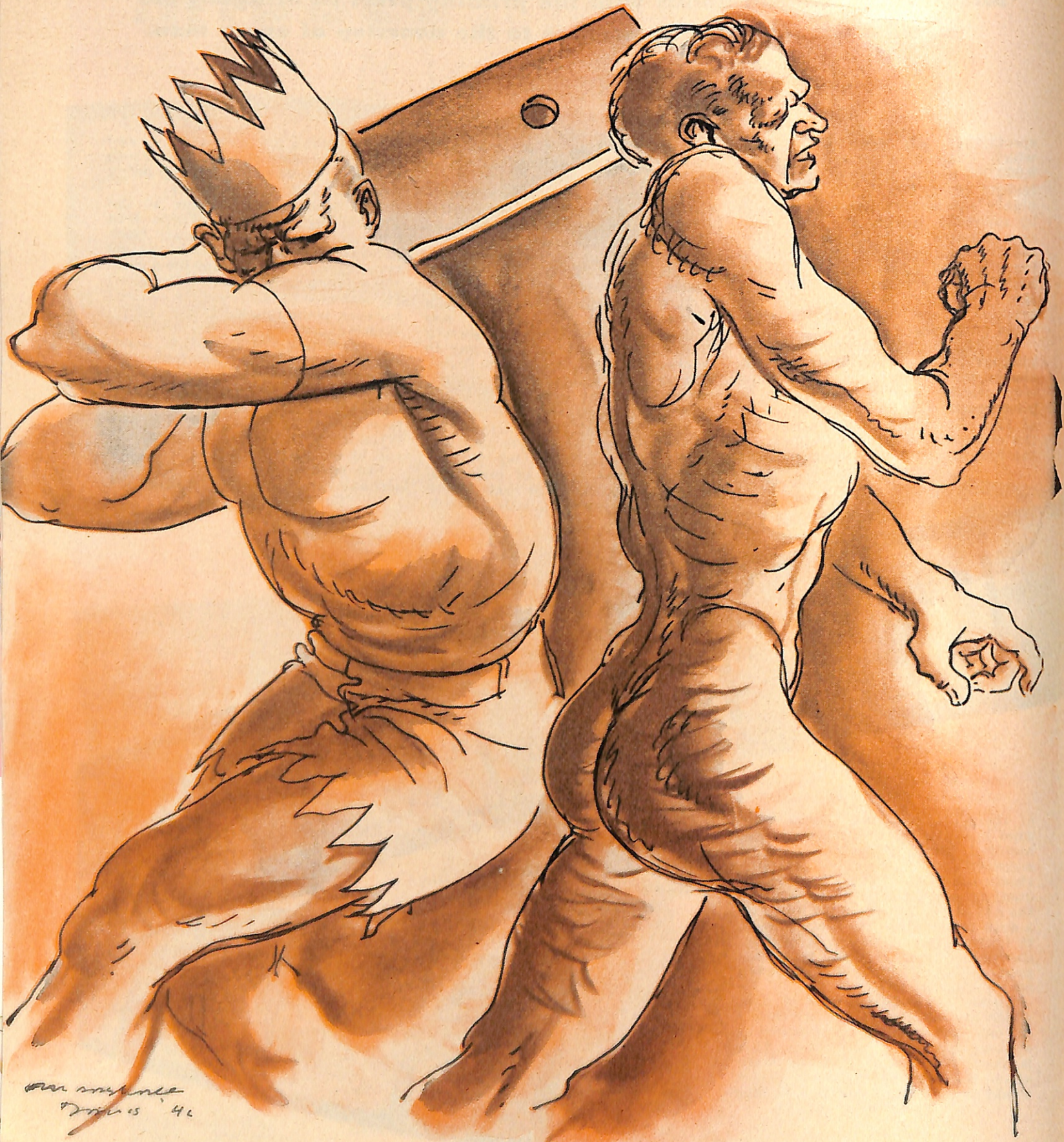


Prints from microfilm negatives of pages and covers of The Elks Magazine.

of their original size. Three thousand business letters or seventy-five hundred filing cards can thus be recorded on one roll of 16 mm. (home-movie size) film. The reproductions are too tiny to be read by the naked eye, but when projected on a desk reader they are brought back to normal size or larger. If desired, the reader can, in turn, reproduce paper copies of whatever is projected on its glass screen.

These hundred-foot rolls of film, which are made of tough, fire-resisting cellulose acetate, can be stored in cartons measuring 4x4x1 inch. This is about one per cent of the filing space the original cards or letters would require. Records filed on film

You didn't run, you walked. You put one foot before the other while the paddles rose and fell.



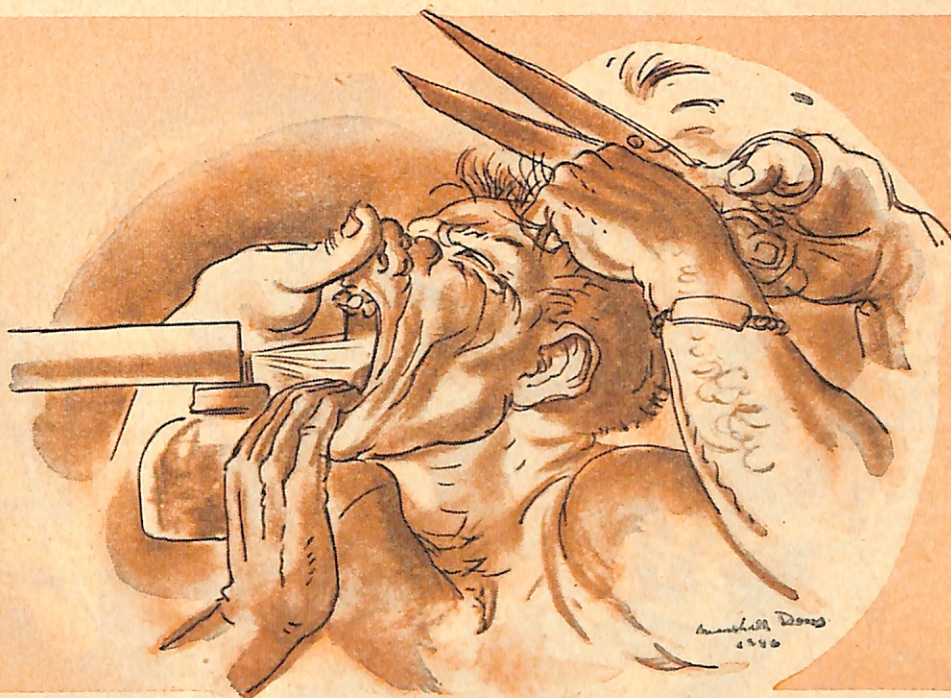
Don McPherson
July 15 '46

IT'S NOT FUNNY—

By Hugh B. Cave

**A former war correspondent addresses
an open letter to the
Secretary of the Navy**

Illustrated by MARSHALL DAVIS



The Secretary
Department of Pollywog Promotions
and Associated Minutae
United States Navy,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Secretary:

The other day a young friend of mine, just out of high school, looked upon one of your navy placards in the lobby of the local post office and decided to trust you with his future. His folks approved, and when he asked my humble advice—I having been a war correspondent of sorts and author of several navy books—I approved also.

He's a good kid, Mr. Secretary, plays a fast game of basketball; helped to win the football championship for his school; likes to swim, dance and wear sloppy clothes; hates to mow the lawn for his dad or run errands for his mother. His folks are fine, average American people who taught him to be clean, respectful and decent. The boy has ideals. I wouldn't be surprised if he got to be an officer in your organization.

There's one thing, though, that I know this boy will object to most strenuously. Being the kind of kid he is, he may even hate you for it with a violent, undying bitterness.

I mean this equator-crossing business and all its associated horrors.

Sooner or later, Mr. S, this friend of mine is going to find himself aboard one of your ships in the vicinity of Latitude Zero, and he'll be handed a document that will go something like this:

To Whom May Come These Presents
Greetings and Beware!

Whereas, the good ship NAMELESS, bound southward (or northward) of the equator, is about to enter our domain; and

Whereas, the aforesaid ship carries a large and loathsome cargo of lounge-lizards, park-bench-warmers, chicken-chasers, hay-tossers and drugstore cowboys, of which low scum you are a member;

Be It Known, that we hereby summon and command you to appear before the Royal High Court and Our August Presence.

You will accept most heartily and with good grace the pains and penalties of the awful torture that will be inflicted upon you to determine your fitness to be one of our Trusty Shellbacks, and answer to the charge that you have hitherto wilfully and maliciously failed to show reverence and allegiance to our Royal Person, and are therein and thereby a vile landlubber and pollywog.

The "dentist," armed with a spray gun, shot a mixture of oil, atabrine and other vile ingredients down the fellow's throat.

Disobey this summons under pain of our swift and terrible displeasure. Our vigilance is ever wakeful. Our vengeance is just and sure.

Given under our hand and seal
Davy Jones
Neptunus
Ruler of the
Raging Main

Secretary to
His Majesty

As you well know, Mr. Secretary, the quaking recipient of this dire threat (which contains a good many more whereases and to-wits than I have included here) will have done nothing wrong. He will simply be a pollywog aboard a ship which is about to cross the equator. Being a landlubber, he may not even know that no novice may cross the equator without enduring initiation to the select circle of shellbacks. The whole thing may come as a great big lovely surprise to him—as it did to some Filipino messboys I knew once. But he will find out soon enough, Mr. S, that Davy Jones' summons is no joke. The threat of "awful tortures"

is as real as a condemnation to the gallows.

Since the Japanese attacked the Hawaiian Islands, Mr. S, I have been over the line several times. I've seen hundreds of pollywogs transformed into shellbacks. I've talked to them before and after.

No one thought it was funny, Mr. Secretary.

For example . . .

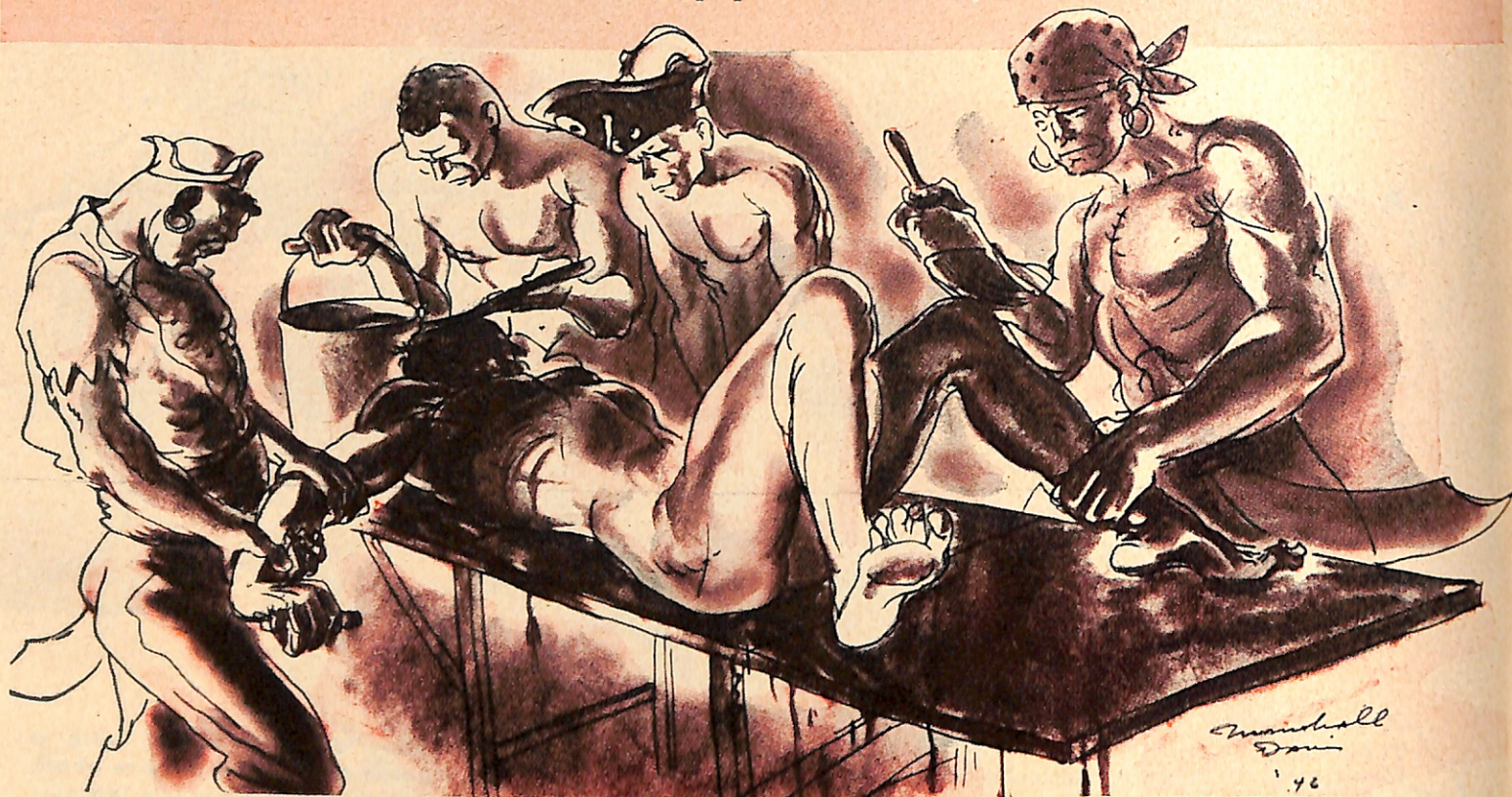
The ship was a big one, steaming north through Makassar Strait from the invasion of the Borneo oil port

dent relish. No one escaped their zealous questioning. "You say you've crossed the line before, chum? Well, well—can you prove it? You can't? Now, isn't that just too bad!"

Our Australian guests had hopped the equator more times than they could recall. But they had nothing to prove their claims. "Oh, well," they said dubiously, "it's all in fun. We'll go through the mill again." Famous last words!

All that afternoon the shellbacks worked on their preparations for the

listed) whose glowing faces had scarcely felt the sting of salt air. Anticipating an afternoon of hilarity, they clowned about the ship and kidded one another. Others, wiser, had removed their clothes and stood apprehensively in line, knowing what awaited them and how they would feel when it was over. Rank and rating made no difference, nor did age. Gray-haired, fifty-year-old, dignified Commander G—— would get the same treatment as any eighteen-year-old seaman.



of Balikpapan. In addition to her regular ship's company she carried an admiral, a general and a number of high-ranking Australian officers who, of course, were guests. She carried some war correspondents, too. Coles Philips of *Elks* was there. So was Jim O'Connor, the little *Melbourne Argus* man who reminds you so much of Ernie Pyle. And Bernie Seeman, getting a story for *American Mercury*.

The ship had crossed the equator with the invasion fleet on her way south to Balikpapan a few days earlier, but with a major action in the offing and the threat of enemy air attack hanging over her, the initiation of her many pollywogs had been postponed. (A good thing, too, for when it was over—the initiation, I mean—her beat-up crew would have had trouble winning a bout with an enemy PT boat.)

The day after our departure from Balikpapan, however, the ship was combed for pollywogs by the royal police, who performed their task with evi-

event. A mysterious wooden tunnel, twelve feet long, took shape on the after deck. Canvas paddles were fashioned and soaked in brine to give them the desired bite. Wooden clubs were produced. Buckets of used oil appeared. A huge wooden platform sprang up. Ship's hoses were rigged. Some two hundred quaking pollywogs had been tagged for the ceremony, and the preparations for shaping them into shellbacks were as elaborate as those for a major naval engagement. All day long and into the night the work went on.

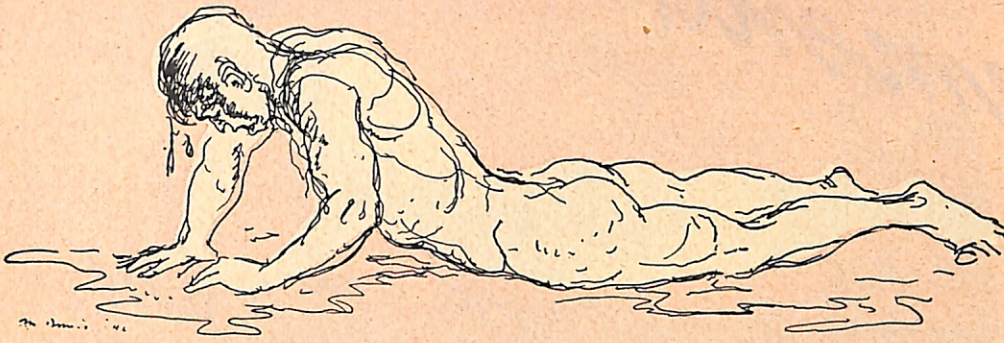
At 1400 the following afternoon the loudspeakers blared a summons. "All pollywogs will assemble on the after deck at once!" And the royal police scoured the ship to make sure that none had gone into hiding. (Some had. They knew what was coming. They were rooted out and dragged to the slaughter.)

They were a strangely assorted lot, these pollywogs. Some were not long out of boot camp—youngsters (like my friend who has just en-

The after deck buzzed with activity. To the platform, equipped with throne and chairs of honor, had paraded King Neptune and his attendants, gaily gowned for the occasion. The royal judge posed in flowing robe and wig. The royal baby, selected for size and weighing two-hundred-odd pounds, wore three-cornered pants cut from a mattress cover. The royal princesses, picked for shape and properly padded in the appropriate places, were voluptuous in grass skirts.

Meanwhile, the royal police—husky crew members armed with clubs and paddles—shoved the victims into line and cowed them with mock threats of mayhem; and a double line of impatient paddle-wielders flanked the path to the throne.

You didn't run that line, Mr. S—you walked. You put one foot before the other very slowly, while the paddles rose and fell. If you were lucky, that part of your anatomy which sailors call a "duff" was only a fiery red, and not bleeding, when you



Around the operating table stand members of the oiling squad, armed with a bucket of oil and the biggest paint brush in the ship's paint locker. From head to foot the victim is smeared.

He goes soaring through space into a water-filled tank made of three large life rafts piled one on another and lined with tarpaulin.



reached His Majesty's august presence. Not many were lucky.

It could have been fairly funny then. Aboard a press boat in which I once crossed the line with a small crew and a cargo of correspondents, it was hilarious. But with two hundred victims waiting to be processed, there wasn't time aboard this big ship for accusations and witty counter-charges before the court. There was no clowning, no banter, no argument. This was assembly-line stuff, pure and simple. The pollywogs, dragged before King Neptune, were forced to kneel. His Majesty leered at them. Husky attendants clouted them viciously with wooden paddles or brine-soaked canvas bats. Then, dismissed with a flip of the regal hand and a kick on the "duff", they were hauled to the royal barber.

This gentleman, armed with a foot-long pair of shears, had no time to create amusing hair-do's. The scalping was abrupt and brutal—a wild and furious hacking at the victim's hair with those murderous shears that tore out more than they cut. It hurt, Mr. S. In some cases it drew blood. When that happened, a handful of unguent—thick, black grease—was slapped on the victim's head and strenuously rubbed into the wounds, after which the hapless initiates were pushed along to the royal dentist.

An assistant yanked the patient's mouth open. (It didn't happen, Mr. S, but while watching this part of the ceremony I had an unholy hope that some enraged victim would clamp his teeth shut and bite his tormentor's fingers clear to the bone—it would have been deserved). The dentist, armed with a spray gun of vast capacity, shot a mixture of oil and atabrine and other vile ingredients down the poor fellow's throat and rammed the treatment home with a handful of grease. ("One side, chum, one side! Don't be sick here! We got work to do!") Then, choking and sputtering, the pollywog staggered across the platform to pay his respects to the royal physicians—with time out, if necessary, to empty his stomach before the indignities continued.

Now a mock operation can be amusing, too, Mr. Secretary. It used to be, in the days before entry into King Neptune's exclusive domain involved the risk of life and limb. Stretch a blindfolded "patient" on a table, hold a whispered discussion of his "ailments" over him, then tickle his ribs and armpits with shock-producing wires from a small battery, and you have something. Add a trickle of ice-water, the blunt edge of a chilled knife, and a handful of well-cooked spaghetti, and you can convince him, with no harmful after-effects, that he is being scientifically separated from his internals. They pulled that one on me when I became a shellback. It was fun for

(Continued on page 40)

We Recommend:

"Oklahoma"

Beatrice Lynn, prancing at right, isn't merely registering exuberance because "Oklahoma!" is still riding high in New York. She acts that way all over the stage in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, now in its 42nd effulgent month.



Left: After seven years of "Life with Father" Broadway still hasn't tired of Life, although the cast changes as often as the weather. Here, the red-headed Day family listens to Father, Donald Randolph in this instance, sounding off. Then there are Harvey Collins, Robert Donnelly, Mary Loane, David Garden and David Anderson sitting clockwise around the table, counting away from Father.

"Life with Father"

"Harvey"

Right; Frank Fay, the best friend of "Harvey", of the play of the same name, is back in New York after a well-earned rest. Josephine Hull, shown here with the star, and Harvey sweated out the summer to help Fay do one of the funniest plays ever put on the boards.





Left: The second screen interpretation of the Claudia stories, "Claudia and David", has the same stars as the first hit in this series. Dorothy McGuire, Pierre Watkin, Gail Patrick and Robert Young talk things over in a scene from this fine human-interest film.

"Claudia and David"

"Gallant Journey"



Right: Bing Crosby, once again in a topnotch musical, "Blue Skies", does his best to keep the potential Bobby Soxer, Karolyn Grimes, from stealing a scene. Fred Astaire shares the top billing with Der Bingle.

Left; Glenn Ford, rapidly becoming one of our most popular stars, with Janet Blair in "Gallant Journey", the story of a man with a dream.



"Blue Skies"



Left: Van Johnson stands by patiently as comedian Keenan Wynn puts the master's touch to a hilarious scene from "No Leave, No Love" in which the perennial favorite, Guy Lombardo, plays himself, and Edward Arnold and Marie Wilson manage to keep things humming in their individual fashions.

"No Leave, No Love"

What America is Reading



Nancy Mitford, whose novel, "The Pursuit of Love", is written with real affection and respect for the human race

HANDBOOK OF POLITICS
by Lowell Mellett
Penguin Books
25c

Any reader who doesn't approve of his congressman or senator and wants to do something about it might well invest a quarter in this unconventional, opinionated and, it seems to me, intensely practical guide for the amateur voter.

The author's main point is that it is much more important to get a "bad" congressman out than to try to put in the best man possible. Because if the "idealistic" opposition quarrels within itself and splits its vote, not only is it allowing the "bad" representative to stay in, but it is increasing his power. Every year that a man stays in Congress or the Senate he becomes more powerful (on committees, etc.) and harder to dislodge; whereas a bad freshman is not in a position to throw much weight in his first year, and is much more easily eliminated in the following election to make room for a better man. As a long-time partisan of the vote-for-the-best-man-no-matter-what school, I found Mr. Mellett's opposite view startling and stimulating.

Furthermore the author shows the amateur, Republican or Democrat, how to become an influence in his party, step by step, and how to check on his representatives. He lists the voting records of the current incumbents of the Senate and House—and he has devised a chart for appraising your present congressman which is more fun than crossword puzzles.

All this, and a list of House Com-

by Nina Bourne

The truth about wolves and people, weekends on the moon, love and politics

mittee Assignments, and a digest of state election laws too, for twenty-five cents.

Note: the author, Lowell Mellett, was born in 1884 in Elwood, Indiana, has been interested in politics all his life, is a journalist, and during the past two years has written a nationally syndicated column.

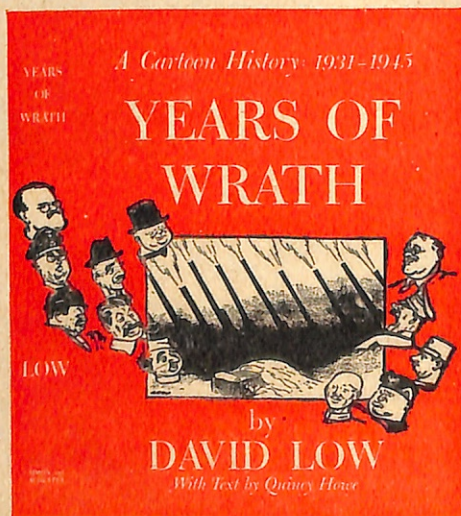
THE PURSUIT OF LOVE
by Nancy Mitford
Random House
\$2.50

If you liked the movie, *Chuny Brown*, if you like to read about attractive people who don't solve their problems by running for the nearest psychiatrist, chances are you'll be charmed with Nancy Mitford's very light novel, *The Pursuit of Love*. It's the story of an English family living in country grandeur, but without central heating, in the dear lost days between World Wars I and II. The heroine, she who pursues love, is Linda. But the star of the book is Linda's uncle—the sort of vivid, flesh-and-blood character you seldom

find in modern novels, even the most literary and pretentious ones.

Uncle Matthew is a ferocious old nobleman, a walking mass of prejudices who hates all foreigners, refers to people he doesn't like—which is practically everyone—as "sewers", and wonders why Englishmen ever want to go to that "bloody abroad". His rages shame the thunder; family tradition has it that he grinds down two or three sets of false dentures every year. He is very fierce with his children, knowing perfectly well that they'll get around him in the end. When you finish the novel you are convinced that this magnificent archaism really exists and that if you look long enough you'll one day meet him in the flesh—and that he probably won't like you because, like the French and the Norwegians, and the Chinese and the Spaniards, you come from that "bloody abroad".

(Continued on page 59)



Right is the dust jacket for a collection of significant drawings by the most brilliant cartoonist of our time

It's a Man's World



by Kent Richards

VARIOUS people have recently sent me indignant letters. They have, they say, significant evidence that all hell is busting loose in this little world men like to call their own. One of these is from a Mr. Adams who sees on the horizon a cloud no bigger than a lady's bustle. It's got him worried.

He warns of a group of women calling themselves Global Thinkers. These good ladies recently rose up on their hind legs and declared that man's position as family boss has got to be ended. All Global Thinkers and their feminine allies were urged to take over their proper station in life. "A woman," said one of these rebels, "might just as well tell her husband how to vote as to have him tell her how."

Now I don't know where the rest of you stand on that, but I'd as soon milk a wounded she-grizzly bear as tell my wife how to vote. Like most women, when it comes to voting she is going to be independent or else. Just to show the ballot printer he couldn't boss her she once voted for someone who wasn't even a candidate. Another time, our former plumber observed that her current man of the hour, Norman Thomas, didn't have a snowball's chance in hell of becoming president. She made him undo all the pipes he had put together and then banished him from our domicile while water gurgled noisily into our basement.

But Mr. Adams sees danger in these Global Thinkers. "Why one day," he writes, "women will vote

themselves into every political office in the country. Then where will we be at?" By "we", I take it Mr. Adams means us men.

It's a good question. But our strongest protection against the women politicians Mr. Adams fears is the women's vote itself. It isn't women who elect to Congress babes like Claire Luce and Helen Douglas. Men put them there, for one reason and another, including our old friend sex. Not a bad thing either. A few pairs of pretty legs might do wonders in the Senate, merely by increasing the attendance.

But unless I miss my guess, we can be comfortably sure that our government will be run by men so long as we keep our women voting. No woman ever completely trusts another woman, even when she's not a candidate.

The Global Thinkers are fighting a losing battle. However, here is a suggestion for a campaign for them which is certain to win our universal approval. Let them start a movement to put women in a job for which they are better equipped than anybody. Let them get behind the slogan: "Every Mother a Woman!"

What do you think of that, Mr. Adams?

My second communication is from Mrs. Janice Ellery. Mrs. Ellery sends information collected by the Life Insurance Companies of America that women are spending 85 per cent of the dough in the country. They are, it says, also influencing the spending of much of the rest of our money.

Says Mrs. Ellery, thumbing her nose, "So it's a man's world, is it?"

Mrs. Ellery believes in the old adage that he who controls the purse strings is the real boss no matter who wears the pants in the family.

O.K., baby. But it's my theory that the spending of money is by and large a considerable nuisance and the women can have it. If Mrs. Ellery has had fun in the last year or so trying to buy bread and butter and meat and soft drinks and straight bourbon for her little brood then she is unique and should be in a showcase in the Smithsonian. Even in normal times paying the rent, buying dishpans and outfitting the kids isn't much more exciting than polishing the silver.

Handing over the pay check to the little woman so she can take 85 per cent of it—or all of it—and buy the meals and the diapers and the window curtains doesn't give her power. It gives her a responsibility. It puts her on the spot to take papa's shabby little salary and produce something the neighbors won't make cracks about. If she does—and resists temptation to toss a few dollars around in gin mills—she's a good wife. But she's no powerhouse.

The third item of indignation is from a hairy chested male who bemoans the success of an establishment in California which bills itself as "Hairdresser to men". "If that isn't enough to shame a self-respecting red corpuscle," he writes, "I'd like to know what is." The worst part of it all is that the proprietor of this nancy-pancy started out with three barbers and now has eight working feverishly. And he is adding four more!

All this made me gasp a little too. All I can say is 1) it's in California where anything can happen except Florida, and 2) this shameful den lists among its clients George Raft, Cary Grant and Spencer Tracy. I haven't looked lately but I don't think there is any lace on their underpants.

While I'm at it I might as well report on a communication from a man who is crying in his beer over the passing of the New York taxicab. He is unhappily disturbed because new cabs are replacing those magnificent ancient vehicles which coughed and clattered around town in the years after Pearl Harbor, carrying on the best tradition even as they fell apart. The sleek, new, factory-fresh models are flashing about the city, he says, as saucy as a colt taking a nip at Man o'War.

There was something distinctive about those old cabs. Each of them had a tattered elegance, a fender-flapping air which became the mark of taxicab aristocracy. It was as temperamental as a harem favorite and flagrantly defiant of mechanical principle. But it was a proud thing, securely maintained in its exalted state by wartime laws of supply and demand.

Catching such a cab was not easy.
(Continued on page 44)

The Supplementary Report of the Elks National Foundation Trustees



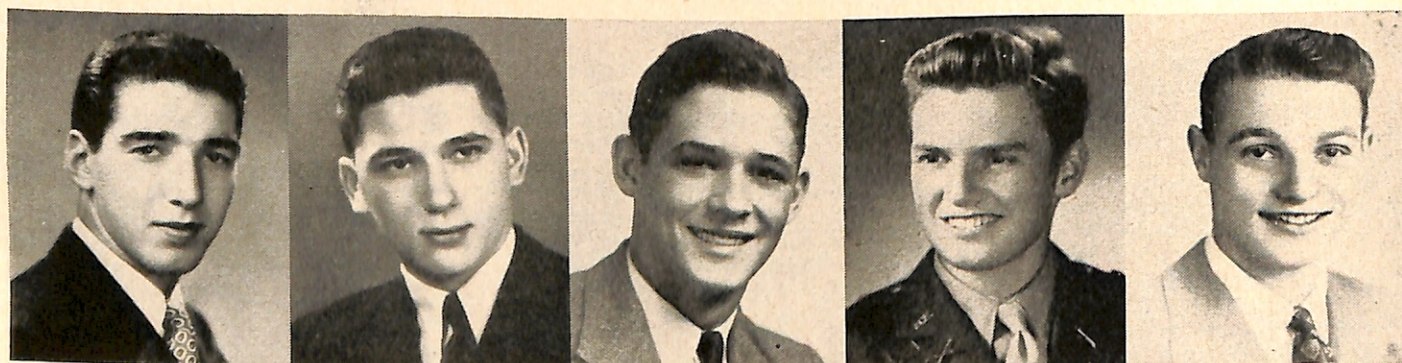
FIRST PRIZE
Elaine P. Tanner
Brookline, Mass.

SECOND PRIZE
Charlotte A. Williams
Peru, Ind.

THIRD PRIZE
Annette Rose
Nashville, Tenn.

FOURTH PRIZE
Norma R. Stark
Scranton, Pa.

FIFTH PRIZE
Emma Stewart
San Benito, Tex.



FIRST PRIZE
Frank J. Lionette
Everett, Mass.

SECOND PRIZE
Steven C. Hajos
Lansing, Mich.

THIRD PRIZE
James C. Kirby, Jr.
Nashville, Tenn.

FOURTH PRIZE
David E. Black
Gloucester, Mass.

FIFTH PRIZE
Eugene R. Minzner
Adams City, Colo.

EACH year for the last thirteen years, we have encouraged young men and young women of our country who are ambitious to obtain higher education, and who found it difficult to secure the money necessary to defray the expense of a college course, by offering prizes which we have called "Elks National Foundation Most Valuable Student Prizes", for general excellence in scholarship, achievement in extra-curricular work, leadership among their fellow-students, perseverance and resourcefulness, and other admirable characteristics.

These prize offers have brought to our attention many splendid young men and women and have given us opportunity through our prize awards to help in their ambitions those whom we considered the most worthy.

It has been a matter of great satisfaction to us that our scholarship offers have encouraged the State Associations in many States to raise additional funds and widen the scope of their good works in this field of philanthropy, so that today under the fostering influence of our Foundation in the granting of scholarships and scholarship loans to

deserving and ambitious young people is an outstanding activity of the State Associations, and has brought to the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks a widespread public acknowledgment of this splendid work which our Order is performing.

So widespread has become the interest of the pupils throughout our country in these prizes, that this year students from thirty-nine States, two Possessions and one Territory have filed applications with the Board of Trustees of the Elks National Foundation for these awards.

Among these students, there were 42 boys and 67 girls whose scholastic records showed them to have been students receiving a rating in excess of 90% throughout the four years of their high school life.

The task of rating these students has been a very difficult one and, just to cite to you how close all of them have been, the difference in the rating of the number 1 boy and the number 15 boy was but 2.8% while the difference between the number 1 girl and the number 15 girl was 2.5%.

So close were the ratings of other

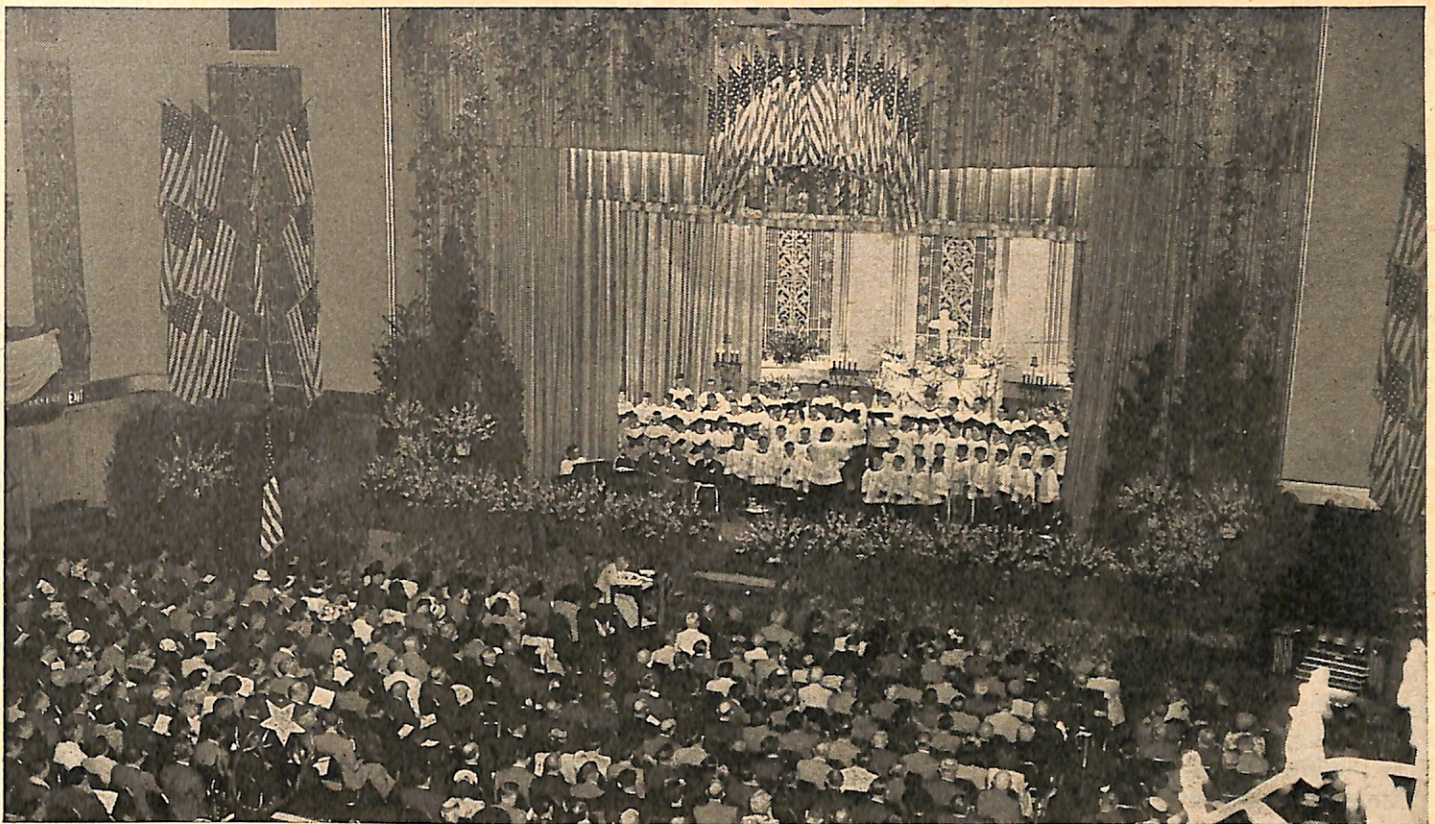
scholars to this number 15 boy and number 15 girl, that your Trustees concluded that there were at least ten additional students who were so worthy that they were deserving of encouragement, and, consequently, we have awarded to ten additional boys and ten additional girls, each a prize of \$100.00, thus extending our total awards to 25 boys and 25 girls.

It would be impossible for us to give you the histories or the achievements of all of these students, and under the circumstances, we must content ourselves with giving you the records only of the first-prize winners, and the names of the others who are receiving the additional prizes.

The first girl prize-winner is Miss Elaine Pearl Tanner, of Brookline, Mass., 17 years old. She ranked first in a class of 400 and had a scholastic record for all four years of her high school period of straight A's, in every study taken, and her curricula was a very heavy one.

Her extra-curricular activities included membership in the Debating Classes, the Orchestra, the Library, the Radio

(Continued on page 44)



The stage of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel at the Memorial Service held by the Grand Lodge. Only a part of the huge attendance is shown.

William Leftwich

The Grand Lodge Memorial Services

AT THE hour of eleven on the morning of Wednesday, July 10th, the Elks 82nd Grand Lodge Session, held in New York City, suspended its business activities and turned its attention to the Memorial Service which is customarily held at each Grand Lodge Session for departed members of the Order.

This impressive service was held in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. The ballroom was richly decorated with immense banks of gladioli, ferns and cedars. The Catholic Diocesan Choristers of Brooklyn, directed by Reverend Father Cornelius C. Toomey, rendered musical selections accompanied by Harold Spencer. As the program note said, the atmosphere of the ballroom was symbolic of the Cardinal Principles of the Order. The altar and the order of service was an acknowledgment of the existence of the Supreme Being; a waterfall of the National Colors, on each side of the stage, indicated loyalty to the Nation and the Flag of every state in the Union, and territorial Flags, which decorated three sides of the great hall, were indication of the great number of Elks who follow the Flag.

The services opened with the Processional, "O God of Loveliness", by the Choristers, an all-male choir. The opening memorial address was delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow. Mr. Grakelow's comments were followed by the Choristers singing "Sanctus" ("Missa Choralis"). A prayer was next delivered by the Reverend George L. Nuckolls, Grand Chaplain, and the choir then burst into "Adoramus Te" by Rosello.

Exalted Ruler James G. Sweeney, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast. Master Edward Kenny, boy soprano, then stepped forward from the ranks of the choir to sing "Panis Angelicus" by Cesar Franck. This little boy's poise and beautiful voice brought tears to the eyes of the audience.

The next event on this notable Grand Lodge of Sorrow program was the delivery of the eulogy to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Governor John Kinley Tener of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, Dean of Past Grand Exalted Rulers, who passed away last May 19th in Pittsburgh, Pa., at the age of 82. His great and good friend for more than

forty years, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, also of Charleroi Lodge, with deep emotion delivered an eloquent and moving tribute to the late Mr. Tener. Mr. Masters said that his words in nowise expressed his feelings as to the loss sustained by the Grand Lodge. He gave a brief résumé of Mr. Tener's life, his administration of the government of Pennsylvania, and his unique position in the Order of Elks, and from there on he extolled the fine qualities of the man for whom he and the entire Order felt such personal admiration and affection. It was a fitting tribute that Mr. Masters paid to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener. At the conclusion of Mr. Masters' eulogy, the Choristers sang "This Is My Prayer" by Newman.

Next, the Honorable Harold G. Hoffman, former Governor of New Jersey and a member of Perth Amboy Lodge No. 784, rose to deliver an address in eulogy to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, one of the most beloved members of the Order, whose death occurred on June 21, 1945. It was Governor Hoffman who nominated Mr. Buch for Grand Exalted Ruler at the 1940 Grand Lodge Convention at Houston, Texas. Governor Hoffman spoke feelingly of "Mr. Joe", the big, silver-haired man whose great work in aiding crippled children saved thousands from needless pain and misery. He told of Mr. Buch's early life, his service in the Order, his twenty-three years' Chairmanship of Trenton Lodge's Crippled Children's Committee, and of his able service as General Chairman of the New Jersey Crippled Children's Committee. The rest of Mr. Buch's fraternal life, familiar to every member of the Order, was touched on by Governor Hoffman. He spoke feelingly of Mr. Buch's passing.

Governor Hoffman's testimonial to Mr. Buch was followed by a selection, "Jerusalem! Convertere ad Dominum", by Gounod, sung by the Choristers. The closing remarks were made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow, a concluding prayer was delivered by Grand Chaplain Nuckolls, and the choir closed the service with "Methinks I Hear the Heavens Resound" by Bedell. As the audience left the Grand Ballroom, the Recessional, "Cantate Domino", by Bouichere, was being sung by the Choristers.

Editorial

Rededication



THE Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission announces that plans for the rededication of the Elks Memorial Building in tribute to the memory of Elks who died in World War II have been perfected and the ceremonies will take place at the

Building in Chicago on September 8th.

It is safe to say that the selection of a suitable memorial to mark the heroism of the Elks who died in World War II has been uppermost in the minds of members of the Order since the great struggle began.

More than 100,000 Elks responded to the second call to arms and approximately 1,700 died in the service. What more fitting tribute to our heroic dead than the beautiful Building, erected by the Order's membership in memory of their Brothers who died in World War I, be rededicated and suitably inscribed so as to include the heroes of World War II?

By this rededication the Order is not lessening or detracting from its previous dedication in 1926 to Elk Veterans of World War I, but is including with them those of World War II, so that henceforth the Memorial Building may be a

monument to all of our Elk Veterans of both wars, dead or alive, equally and without distinction or class.

After all, there was no real peace between the two wars. The time intervening was but an armistice and the sons of those who fought the first World War were called upon to fight and die to complete the struggle so heroically begun by their fathers.

No more beautiful building will be found anywhere in the world than the Elks Memorial Building, but it is more than a thing of physical beauty, it is a symbol of the gratitude of a great American brotherhood, and reverence for the memory of those who died that America might remain free.

The Grand Lodge Comes Home



AFTER more than half a century the Grand Lodge returned to hold its 82d Session in the city of its birth.

The visit to the old home town was made memorable by the fact that it was the largest Grand Lodge Session ever held, with more Grand Lodge members in attendance than at any time in the Order's history.

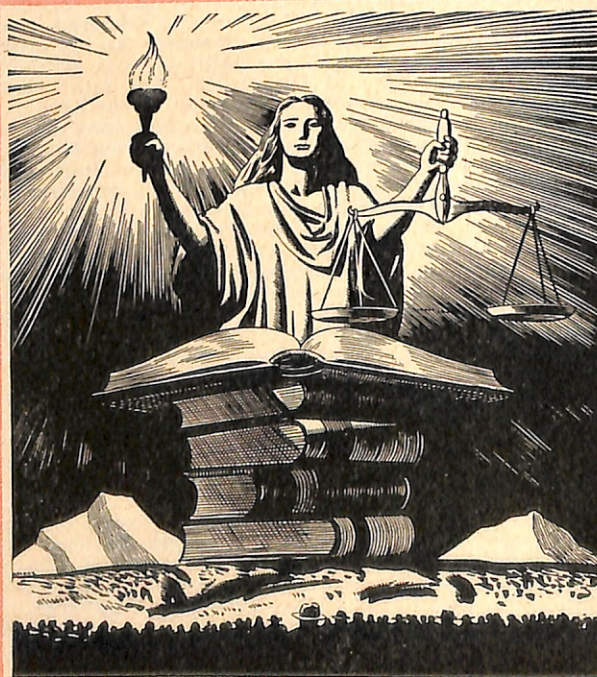
The Elks Magazine tells the story of the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge, and it should be read by every member. It is a record of progress and achievement and will make all who read it prouder of the name of "Elks".

New York has always had a kindly feeling for the Elks. In the days when the Grand Lodge was permanently domiciled there, the Order, through its theatrical affiliations, was one of the most prominent in the community.

The success of the 82d Session of the Grand Lodge and its reunion features was due to the untiring energy and organizing ability of P.G.E.R James T. Hallinan. Gathering about him a committee selected from the lodges of Greater



Charity



Justice

New York and the Metropolitan Area, he welded together a machine that functioned with the clock-like precision necessary to carry out the enormous amount of detail involved.

The Grand Lodge met in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria, air-conditioned and one of the most magnificent assembly rooms in the country. This room was the scene of the annual Memorial Service, a ceremony of matchless dignity and beauty. The Grand Ball, which climaxed the social side of the Reunion, also took place there.

Those who attended the Grand Lodge Session must have gone away impressed with the warmth of New York's hospitality, demonstrated not only by the Elks of the Greater City and surrounding territory, but by every department of the city government. All joined hands to make the Grand Lodge's return to its birthplace an outstanding event in the history of the Order.

An Army of Peace



HE Grand Lodge has unanimously endorsed the action of the Elks War Commission in accepting the War Department's invitation to participate in the latter's current drive to recruit an Army of peace.

The War Department's appeal to the Elks to cooperate in this recruiting service was inspired by the Order's success in enlisting Aviation Cadets, Seabees, Army Engineers, and Nurses for Veterans Hospitals during the war. What the Elks have done in war, the Department is convinced can be done with equal success in peace.

In the traditional spirit of America our country is building a peacetime Army of Volunteers, and it must be strong enough to maintain the prestige of America as she takes her place at the peace table. No greater opportunity of patriotic peacetime service with such far-reaching and lasting results

has ever been presented to the Order, and it enters the campaign assured that its objective is vital to the future of our country and the happiness of our people.

This campaign to recruit an Army of peace has not the urge of wartime excitement to spur it on, but the patriotism of the Order of Elks will be measured by its services in peace as well as in war. The fight for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" is not yet won. Those who sit at the peace table and demand that this fundamental principle be made the basis of world peace must have the backing of an Army strong enough to enforce all demands.

The strength of America's peacetime Army may determine whether the sons of those who fought in World War II shall die as their fathers died or whether they shall live in a world ruled by a common understanding of human liberty.

Veterans Service



THE creation by the Grand Lodge of the National Veterans Service Commission to take over the unfinished business of the Elks War Commission is assurance that the Veterans Hospital Program now being carried on in 42 States, through the efforts of the

State Associations, will be continued.

The creation of this new Commission is also an expression of the Grand Lodge's sense of obligation to the veterans of World War II, particularly to those who must linger in Veterans Hospitals for years to come.

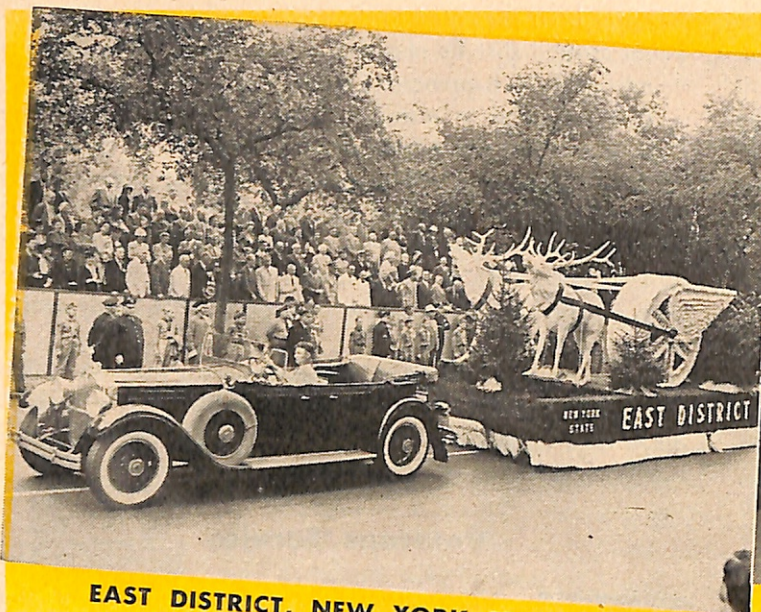
The boys who sacrificed their physical well-being to preserve America will be a special charge of the new Commission, and the Hospital Program will not only go forward, but be expanded to whatever lengths may be necessary to contribute to the care, comfort and happiness of those who have given so much to keep America free.



Brotherly Love



Fidelity



EAST DISTRICT, NEW YORK STATE ELKS



NORTH DAKOTA STATE ELKS ASSN.

Floats on Parade



THE GRAND LODGE
Convention
In New York City
July, 1946

Photos by Leftwich, Keystone



OREGON STATE ELKS ASSN.



NEW JERSEY STATE ELKS ASSN.



ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., LODGE



IOWA STATE ELKS ASSN.



WHEELING, W. VA., LODGE



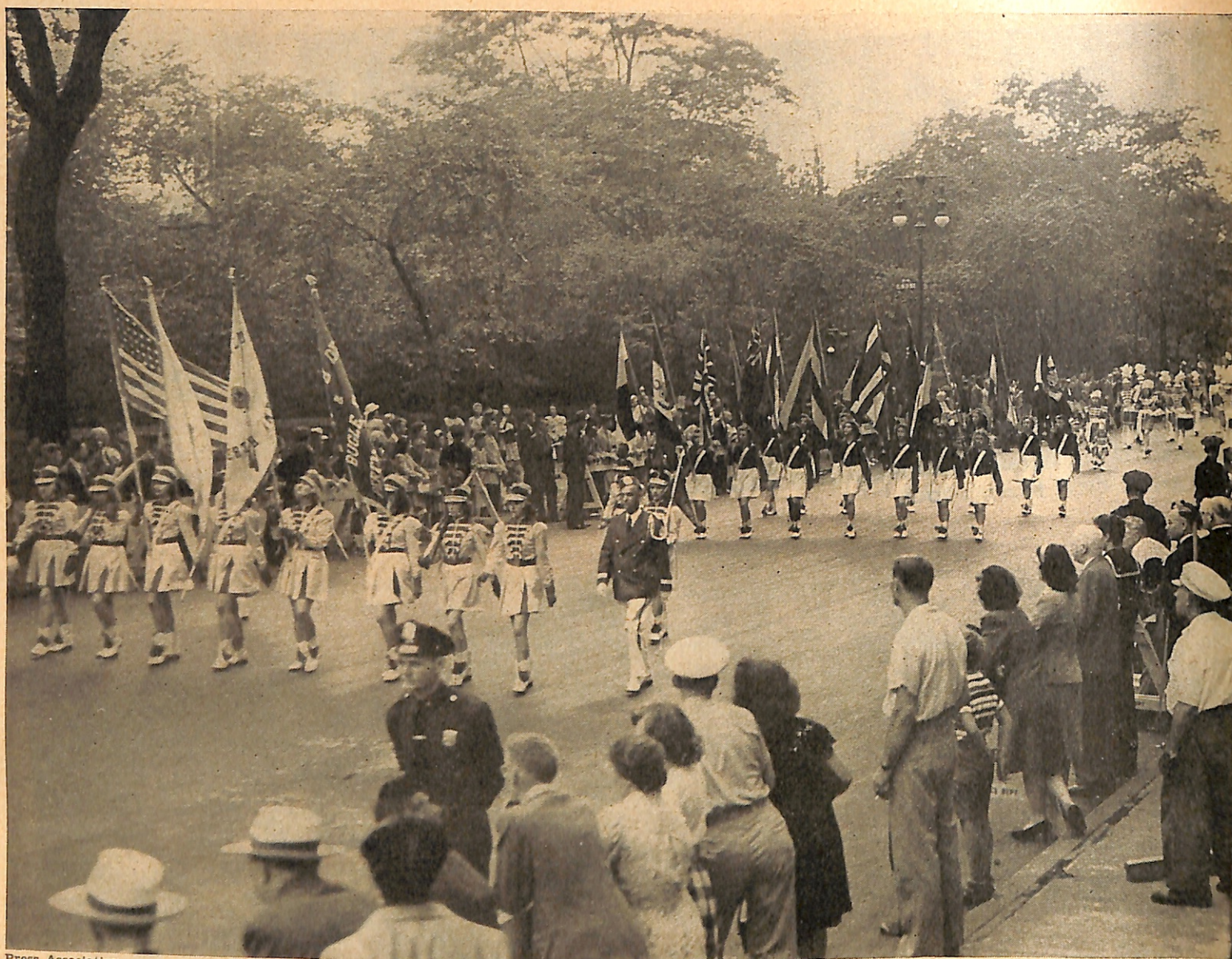
QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y., LODGE



WISCONSIN STATE ELKS ASSN.



FLORIDA STATE ELKS ASSN.



Press Association

Above: Part of the Elks Parade as it marched down Fifth Avenue

The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention

ON MONDAY, July 8th, the Grand Lodge of the Order of Elks opened its 82nd Session with a meeting in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York City. As early as the preceding Saturday and Sunday, Grand Lodge delegates from all over the United States, Alaska, Puerto Rico, Honolulu, the Philippine Islands and the Panama Canal Zone registered their attendance at the Commodore Hotel in the country's greatest metropolis. For a week before this Opening Session, each arriving train brought in a new contingent of Elks to swell a city already bursting with population.

The Opening Session of the Grand Lodge Meeting was in itself a notable event. It was preceded by a dinner given for the Grand Lodge Officers. Immediately after dinner these gentlemen proceeded to the Waldorf's Grand

Ballroom which was handsomely decorated with banks of gladiola, ferns and cedars, waterfalls of Flags on either side of the stage, and the official Flags of each State in the Union hanging from the other three walls of the stately chamber. All twenty-two of the living Past Grand Exalted Rulers were seated on the stage behind the Waldorf's beautiful curtain. They were, in the order of their seniority:

Raymond Benjamin of Napa, Calif., Lodge, No. 832; James R. Nicholson of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61; Edward Rightor of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30; Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, No. 664; J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494; James G. McFarland of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, No. 838; William Hawley Atwell of Dallas, Tex., Lodge, No. 71; Charles H. Grakelow of

Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2; John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61; Murray Hulbert of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1; John R. Coen of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336; Floyd E. Thompson of Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556; Michael F. Shannon of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99; James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878; David Sholtz of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141; Charles Spencer Hart of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842; Dr. Edward J. McCormick of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53; Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779; John S. McClelland of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78; E. Mark Sullivan of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10; Frank J. Lonergan of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142; Dr. Robert South Barrett of Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758.

George I. Hall of Lynbrook, N. Y.,



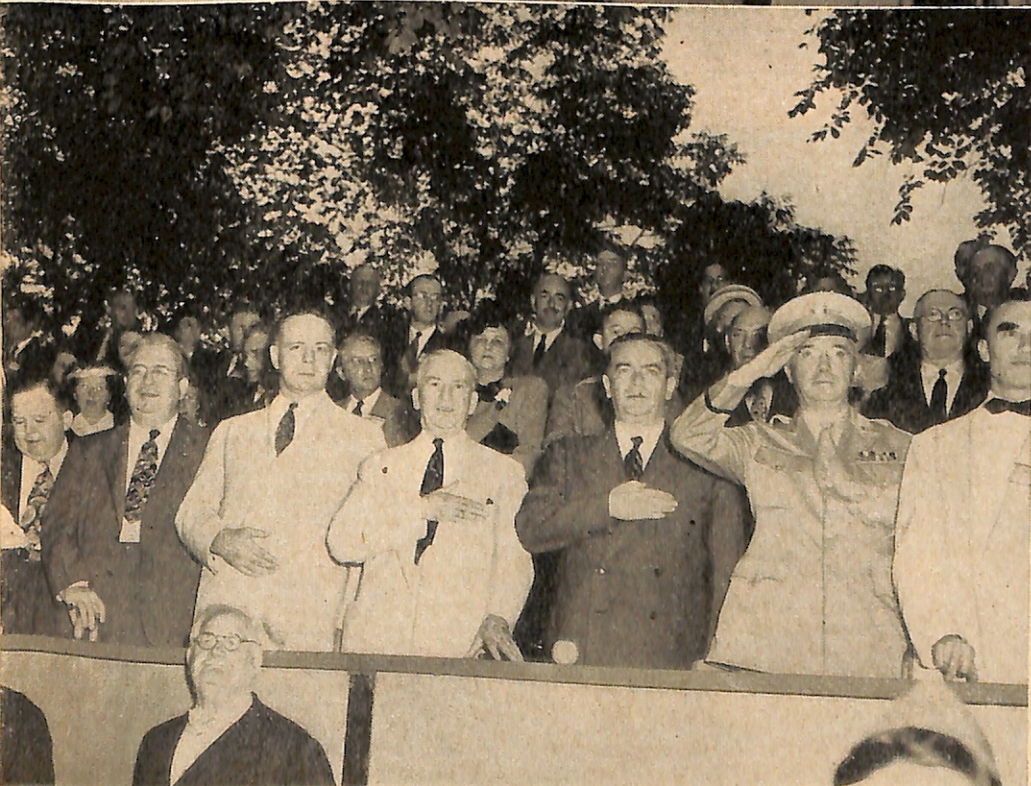
William Leftwich

Above: Former Postmaster General James A. Farley, Grand Exalted Ruler Wade Kepner and Thomas J. Curran, the Secretary of the State of New York, look on as P.E.R. Ralph Morris of Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge, places a lei around the neck of New York City's Mayor William O'Dwyer on behalf of the mayor of Honolulu.



William Leftwich

Above: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin congratulates the winning Ritualistic Team of Wakefield, Mass., Lodge.



Left: Center, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner; the new Grand Exalted Ruler, C. E. Broughton; Mayor O'Dwyer, and Major General John J. Mangan, C. O. of the 1st Brigade, New York Guard, review the Parade.

Lodge, No. 1515, Secretary and Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, introduced to the audience Miss Elizabeth Crawford of stage and opera fame, who led the audience in singing *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Mr. Hall, after extending a word of welcome on behalf of all the Elks of New York State, introduced Grand Chaplain the Reverend George Nuckolls of Gunnison, Colo., Lodge, No. 1623, who opened the Session with an Invocation.

Next, Mr. Hall introduced Dr. L. Carson Spier, Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge No. 1, who, on behalf of the Mother Lodge of the Order, extended a heart-warming welcome to the city's guests and asked them to avail themselves of the lavish hospitality which New York Lodge offered. Mr. Spier's greeting was followed by two selections, *Les Filles de Cadiz* and *L'Amour, Tou-*

William Leftwich



William Leftwich

The ladies review a fashion show put on by B. Altman & Co. during an elaborate luncheon held in their honor.

jours, *L'Amour*, sung by Miss Betty Spry, a concert singer, with Ralph Douglass at the piano. Miss Spry's songs met with the acclaim of the vast audience which sat before her. More than 3,500 persons were gathered together in the ballroom for this first peacetime Convention of the Order of Elks.

Mr. Hall then had the privilege of introducing Mayor William O'Dwyer, a member of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, whose responsibilities as Mayor of the greatest city in the United States are second only to that of the President of the United States. Mr. O'Dwyer rose to receive a tremendous ovation and proceeded to deliver a heartening address of welcome during the course of which he charged the Elks with their responsibility as a significant force in shaping the destiny of the Nation. After Mr. O'Dwyer's rousing welcome, Miss Grace Sutherland, thirteen-year-old concert violinist, played the *Andante* from the *Concerto in E Minor* by Mendelssohn and *Serenade Espagnole* by Kreisler. Mr. Douglass also accompanied Miss Sutherland.

On behalf of Governor Thomas E. Dewey, who was unable to be present, the Honorable Thomas J. Curran, Secretary of the State of New York and a member of the Order, delivered an address of welcome both on behalf of

himself and the Governor. Mr. Curran's address was followed by the songs of John Grant, whose renditions of *Danny Boy* and *Old Man River* lent a bright note to the imposing ceremony.

It was then Mr. Hall's privilege to introduce another notable member of the Order, former Postmaster General James A. Farley who is, he said, one of the greatest Americans of our time. Mr. Farley is a Past President of the New York State Elks Association and a member of Haverstraw Lodge No. 877. The ovation which followed Mr. Farley's brief address exceeded even that tre-

mendous applause which greeted his introduction.

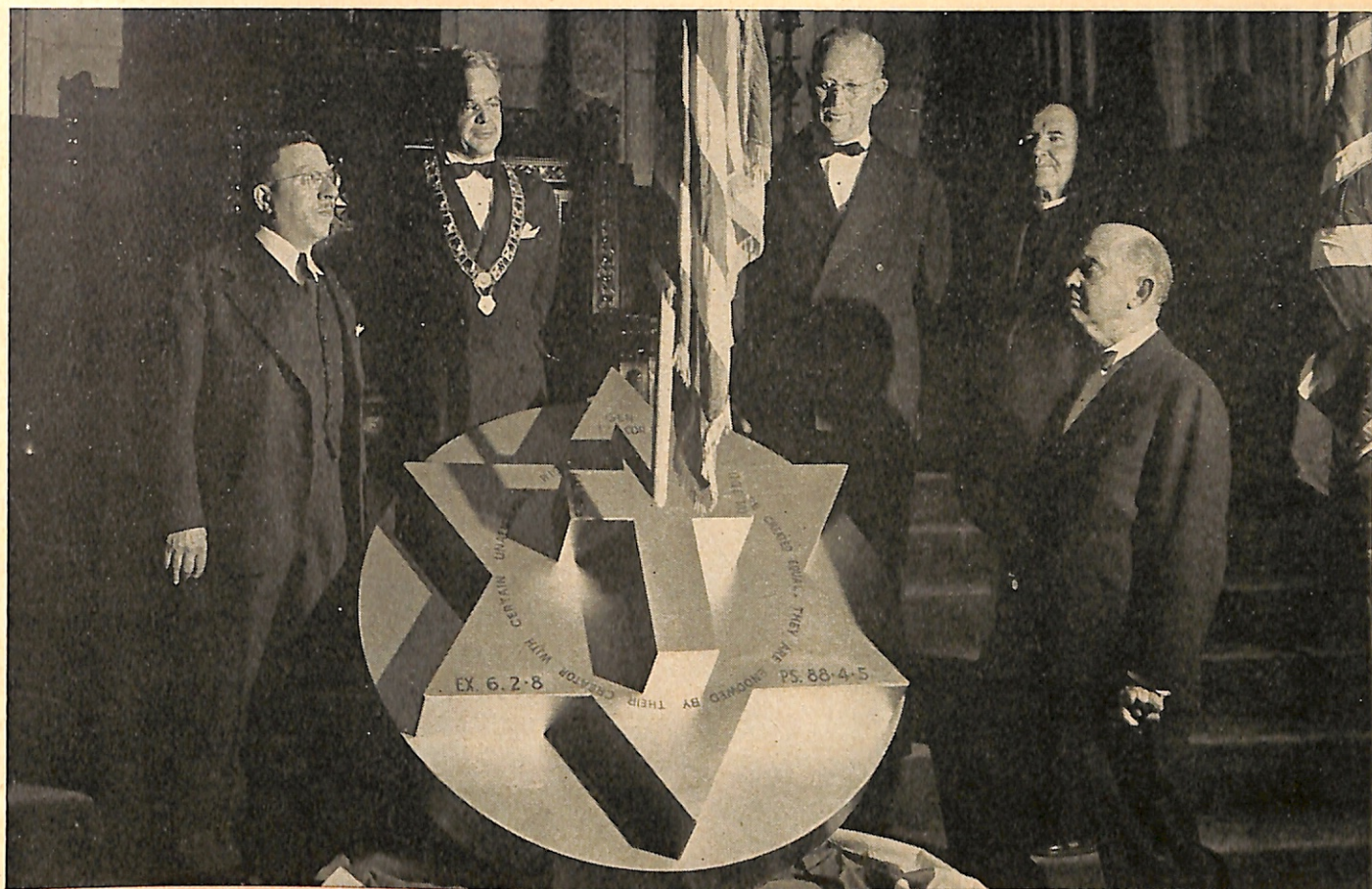
Before the introduction of Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, Miss Crawford again entertained the assemblage with selections, accompanied by Mr. Walter Hatcheck. Mr. Kepner, whose administration of the Grand Lodge had met with such singular success during the past year, then addressed the microphone, welcoming the delegates on behalf of himself and

(Continued on page 56)

William Leftwich



Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart discusses the Elks recruiting program with Major General H. N. Gilbert at a luncheon given in the General's honor.



Under the ANTLERS



Above: Grouped around the Symbol of Tolerance during Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge's impressive Flag Day Services are, left to right, Rabbi N. J. Addelson, E.R. Judge Arthur S. Guerin, Gov. Earl Warren, Msgr. Martin Keating and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon.

Below is a photograph taken when Greeley, Colo., Lodge entertained a group of servicemen and women on Independence Day.





Above: About twenty-five per cent of the members of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge who served in the Armed Forces in World War II. Of the 280 in the service, 72 attended "Servicemen's Night" when each was given a scroll in appreciation for their aid to our country.



Right: E.R. Linden V. Glazier, representing Lansing, Mich., Lodge, places a floral wreath at the foot of the city's honor roll board which was erected by the lodge.

Below is the Elks Caravan that carries from 15 to 25 entertainers from St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., to the St. Cloud, Minn., Veterans Hospital each Sunday on a round trip of 200 miles to make life more enjoyable for veteran servicemen who are recovering from battle wounds, etc.



Right: Pictured below the beautiful Elks' Clock presented to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., by the Illinois Elks Assn., are the members of the Home Lodge from that State. Each hour on the dial lights in succession until, symbolically, the entire dial is illuminated at eleven o'clock and a dual chime is heard.

RAPID CITY, S. D., Lodge, No. 1187, cooperated with the Army Air Forces in getting a three-month-old "blue baby" to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Md., for an emergency operation. Since Johns Hopkins is the only hospital in the world doing this work, it was imperative that the baby arrive there as quickly as possible.

The members of Rapid City Lodge got together with South Dakota newspapers and provided the funds necessary for the baby, Vincent J. Hansen, his mother and a nurse to make the flight under the watchful eye of an alert seven-man crew.

POLSON, MONT., Lodge, No. 1695, got in on the Order's business May 19th when 78 men became charter members during a ceremony conducted by D.D. Peter E. McBride. Members from Butte, Anaconda, Helena, Missoula and Kalispell took part in the institution and the Kalispell contingent took over the initiatory work.

The Kalispell Drum Corps and the members of Missoula Lodge's Band gave several musical selections, and a banquet followed at the Polson Country Club for 240 Elks and their ladies.

Several talks were made by Past District Deputies during the evening and Missoula Lodge took advantage of the occasion to present a 25-year-pin to Lloyd I. Wallace.

SUPERIOR, WIS., Lodge, No. 403, recently initiated a class of candidates in honor of Olaf Johnson, P.E.R., when he retired as Secretary of the lodge after giving six years of faithful service. The 75-year-old ex-fire chief was presented with many gifts including a radio and a traveling bag and, to top it all off, was treated to a surprise visit from his son, who was brought from Chicago to be a special guest of No. 403 at these festivities. Everyone had a grand time at a stag session later.

Below is a photograph taken when the new electrocardiograph was presented to St. Catherine's Hospital by the members of McCook, Neb., Lodge.



NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES THROUGHOUT THE NATION

CHARLESTON, S. C., Lodge, No. 242, made a big fuss over 110 veterans of World War II at a Welcome Home Party on June 20th. Highlighted by an address given by Major Quinn Decker, new Citadel football coach, and the presentation of a citation to each serviceman, the banquet, attended by 250 members, was a huge success.

The scene of the festivities was the entire lodge room floor which was arranged in banquet style to serve a capacity crowd which included many VFW and American Legion dignitaries. Entertainment was furnished throughout the turkey dinner by Ralph Sigwald and Rudy Rudisill, formerly with Jan Garber's Orchestra.





OURAY, COLO., Lodge, No. 492, initiated the largest single class of candidates on record recently at Silverton when 41 men were given the Degree. A few days later the officers of No. 492 did the same for five more candidates of the class at Ouray Lodge.

No. 492, with a membership of 300 and more coming, is one of the strongest small-town lodges in the State, as well as one of the most prosperous. It has shown a remarkable record in war work, charity and civic enterprises.

WATERBURY, CONN., Lodge, No. 265, put across a terrific campaign with the Easter Seal Sale for the Society for Crippled Children and Adults, exceeding last year's record by more than \$2,000.

Several years ago No. 265 decided to sponsor this undertaking to the tune of \$600. This year the amount raised was close to \$6,000, with all expenses connected with the drive underwritten by the lodge. Work shops for the rehabilitation of patients have been opened in key spots and more will be added when time and accommodations permit.

Below are some of those who were present at a recent party given by Huntsville, Ala., Lodge when 47 men became affiliated with the lodge.

Notice Regarding Applications for Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications for members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

PHOENIX, ARIZ., Lodge, No. 335, sponsors a fine group of Antlers with a charter membership of 37, many of whose fathers are members of the Order. A. W. Crane, formerly of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, long a sponsor of this movement, took a large part in the organization of these boys who were initiated and instituted as Antlers by the Kingman Antlers Lodge No. 468. The latter group made the 250-mile trip by chartered plane and were guests of Phoenix Elks for a two-day visit. The initiation and institution ceremonies were witnessed by officers and members of the Order, including D.D. W. V. Ammons.

Above are 27 new members of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge who were initiated in the presence of State Pres. Ronald J. Dunn.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Lodge, No. 221, necessarily suspended its orphans' picnic during the war years, but made up for it recently. All the amusement concessions at Jacksonville Beach were donated to the exclusive use of the 260 orphans for the day, through the kindness of Frank Griffin, a member of the Order and owner of many of the concessions.

The party took off in six chartered buses escorted by six motorcycle police, and when they arrived at the beach the children had the place to themselves. At noon dinner was served by the Jacksonville Elks, with 100 three-pound chickens disappearing fast. Before each child's departure at 4:30 that afternoon, he became proud owner of a bagful of candy—another gift of the members of No. 221.

GREELEY, COLO., Lodge, No. 809, shared its Fourth of July celebration as well as the Greeley Spud Rodeo, with 33 convalescent servicemen and women from Fitzsimmons General Hospital in Denver, and also included those who drove the veterans from the Hospital. No. 809 threw a luncheon and dinner for them and provided reserved seats for the entire group at the Rodeo.





Above are the officers of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Assn. when they met at Frostburg, Md., Lodge for a conference early this year.

HARTFORD, CONN., Lodge, No. 19, has been in existence for 63 years and recently had the pleasure of initiating one of the largest classes in its history. Forty-two men took part in the Ritual and two members of the Order were inducted by dimit.

This large group was initiated in honor of the memory of Edward Langrish, who had been a member of the Order for 58 years.

In conjunction with No. 19's Flag Day celebration, a special silk flag was dedicated, commemorating each member of the lodge who had served in World War II, as well as Lawrence Daly who made the supreme sacrifice in that conflict. The flag was dedicated and placed to the right of the Exalted Ruler's station as a permanent fixture of the lodge room.

Below are the members of Lakewood, N. J., Lodge who attended the dinner honoring Joel P. Hendrickson, who served the lodge as Secretary for 21 years.

Below: Former Grand Chaplain Rev. J. B. Dobbins, second from left, presents Temple, Tex., Lodge's \$1,200 check to Secy.-Treas. Walter G. Jones of the Texas Elks Crippled Children's Institute in the presence of Chairman M. A. deBettencourt of the Institute's Board of Trustees and Secy. A. C. Huwieler of Houston Lodge. This sum represents the proceeds of a carnival held by Temple Lodge.





Above are the 39 new members of Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge who were initiated in honor of the lodge's Old Timers and Past Exalted Rulers.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION
During the Second Business Session of the Grand Lodge Convention held in New York City in July, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Foundation Trustees, gave his report. That it was appreciated and well received is evidenced in the fact that thousands of dollars were donated to the Foundation immediately after the delegates heard the report. They were:

CONTRIBUTIONS	
<i>Individual</i>	
Anonymous contribution from California	\$ 1.00
Ernest J. Gaines, E.R., Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36—First payment on \$100 subscription	10.00
Wesley W. Gore, E.R., Towson, Md., Lodge, No. 469	5.00
Clyde A. Fritz, P.E.R., Gardner, Mass., Lodge, No. 1426	5.00
Harry Sigel, Dallas, Tex., Lodge, No. 71	100.00
E. L. Flippen, Dallas, Tex., Lodge, No. 71	100.00
HONORARY FOUNDERS' SUBSCRIPTIONS	
<i>Individual</i>	
Rosell T. Pickrel, E.R., Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15	1,000.00
Lee C. Stickney, Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336	1,000.00
J. A. Bergfeld, P.E.R., Tyler, Tex., Lodge, No. 215	1,000.00
E. B. Germany, Dallas, Tex., Lodge, No. 71 (first payment)	100.00
Floyd E. Ford, P.E.R., Dallas, Tex., Lodge, No. 71 (first payment)	100.00
John Smart, P.E.R., Dallas, Tex., Lodge, No. 71 (first payment)	100.00
<i>Lodge</i>	
Upper Peninsula of Michigan District Elks Assn.	1,000.00
El Dorado, Kans., Lodge, No. 1407	1,000.00
Bedford, Pa., Lodge, No. 1707 (first payment)	100.00
Chester, Ill., Lodge, No. 1629 (first payment)	100.00
East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, No. 664 (first payment)	100.00
Boonville, Ind., Lodge, No. 1180 (first payment)	100.00
<i>District Deputies</i>	
District Deputies of Past Grand Ex-	

alted Ruler David Sholtz (first payment)	100.00
District Deputies of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner (first payment)	200.00

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT OF HONORARY FOUNDERS' SUBSCRIPTIONS	
Bangor, Me., Lodge, No. 244	100.00
Sycamore, Ill., Lodge, No. 1392	100.00
Corvallis, Ore., Lodge, No. 1413	100.00

FINAL PAYMENT ON HONORARY FOUNDERS' SUBSCRIPTIONS	
New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324	300.00
Robinson, Ill., Lodge, No. 1188	500.00
Montrose, Colo., Lodge, No. 1053	800.00

PERMANENT BENEFACTORS' SUBSCRIPTIONS	
San Mateo, Calif., Lodge, No. 1112 (first payment)	100.00
San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3	1,000.00
Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171	1,000.00
Connecticut State Elks Association	1,000.00
Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge, No. 794 (final payment)	800.00
Arizona State Elks Association (first payment)	200.00
Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385 (additional)	5,000.00

IDAHO STATE ASSN. Miss Mary Martineau, recent Pocatello, Ida., high school graduate, won first prize in the Idaho State Elks Association's "Most Valuable Student" Contest and received her \$300 check at a luncheon held June 5th in the Bannock Hotel.

Officers of Pocatello and Blackfoot Lodges and members of the Education Committee of the local lodge attended and heard the Chairman of the Committee, Judge O. R. Baum, 1st Vice-Pres. of the Association, deliver an impressive address when he presented the check to Miss Martineau. Others who spoke were Superintendent of Schools George N. Green and Stanley S. Spaid, principal of the Senior High School. Miss Martineau also took honors in the Elks National Foundation Scholarship Contest.

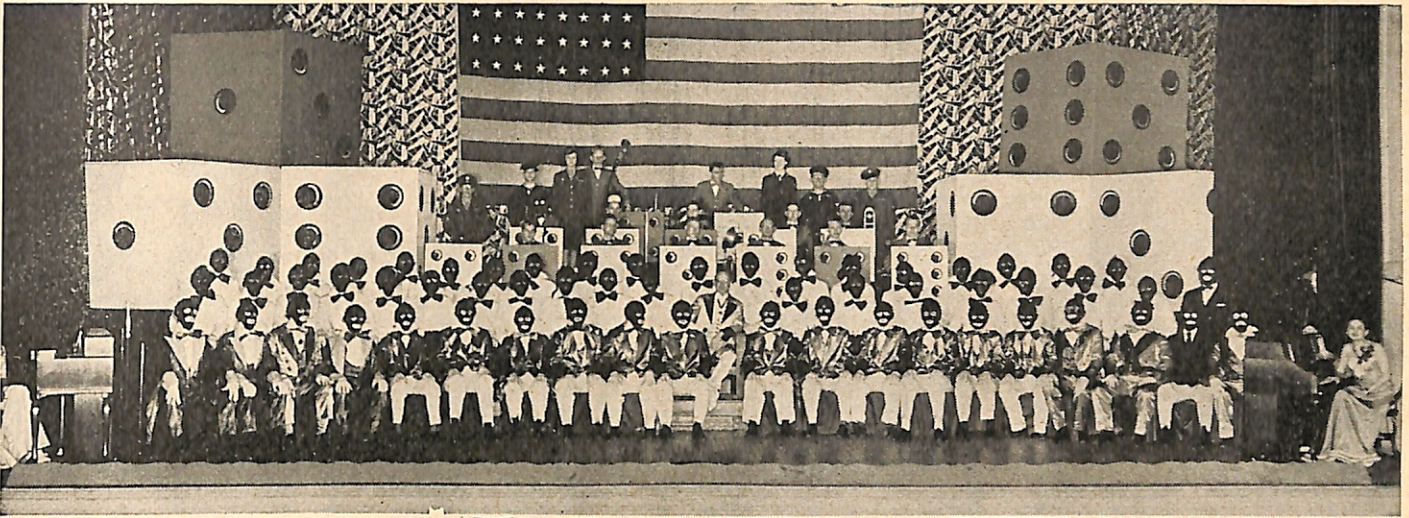
APOLLO, PA., Lodge, No. 386, turned out in great force to honor W. F. Pauly, who has been a member of the Order for 50 years. A large class of candidates was initiated in Mr. Pauly's honor, and quite a few Elks were on hand from out of town. P.E.R. John F. Lowers, Brad-dock, himself a member of the Order for 48 years, was one of the speakers.

The Apollo Elks are embarking on a lively season and are making improvements at their Town and Country Club, with the idea of enlarging the Town Club as soon as possible.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., Lodge No. 346, celebrated its 50th Anniversary recently in a two-day celebration climaxed by a banquet at the Hotel Niagara. About 250 members and their wives attended the dinner and heard the inspiring address delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge. Secretary George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees, a member of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge was also on hand with several other dignitaries of the Order.

Below: In full Western regalia, a gift of the members of the new lodge at Broken Bow, Neb., the then Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner is photographed with the lodge officers and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner at the lodge's institution.





Above is the cast of the charity Minstrel Show put on by Hutchinson, Kans., Lodge.

Right: Officials of Pocomoke City, Md., Lodge burn the mortgage on their home in the presence of D.D. Frank Coulbourn.



GRAND FORKS and DEVILS LAKE, N. D., Lodges, No. 255 and No. 1216 respectively, have put their shoulders to another wheel. The Devils Lake Elks are purchasing at a cost of \$3,000 a community ambulance, in a project launched by the Fire Department and the Chamber of Commerce. It is planned to sell 2,000 memberships at \$2 each for free service and to have the ambulance available to the general public as well.

The members of No. 255 have donated a 12-acre playground to the city park system, beyond the city limits and adjoining the site bought by the school board for a school when city expansion envelops that area. The gift was made when the lodge learned that the park board was unable to buy another playground.

The Elks who make up No. 1216's rolls take care of individual cases too, when necessary. Recently 15-year-old Harold Murray was struck with a discus while playing in his school yard, suffering a fractured skull. The Devils Lake Elks chartered a plane to rush the boy to Rochester to receive treatment at the Mayo Clinic there. The trip was made in a little more than three hours.

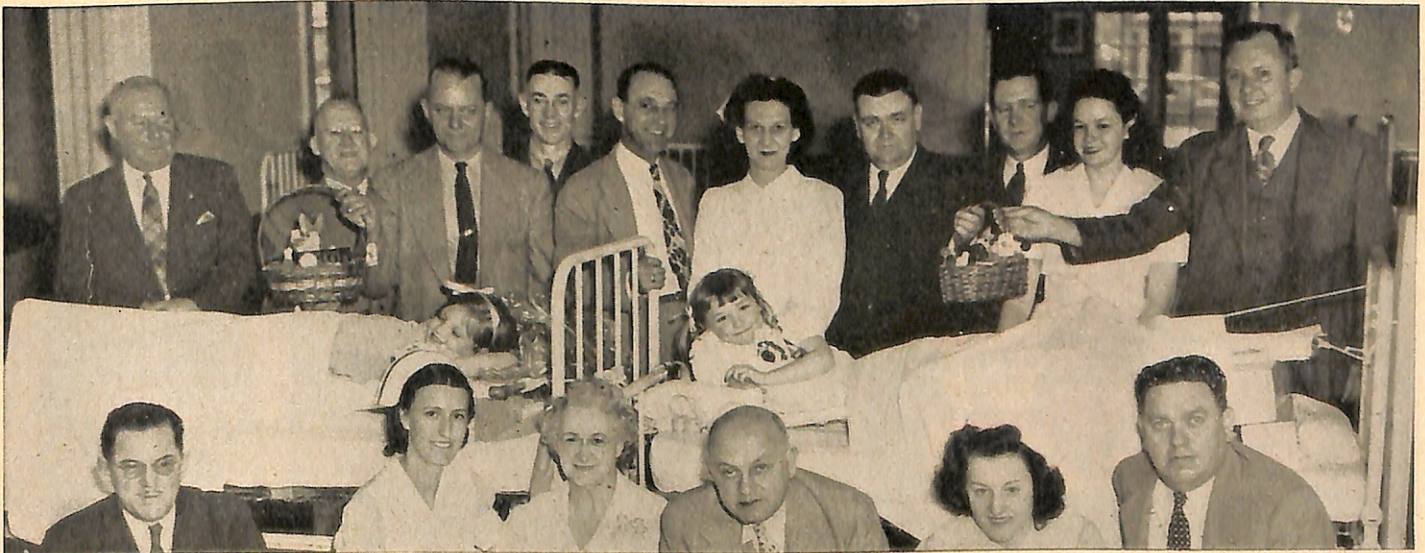
Grand Forks Lodge hastily organized

a blood clinic not long ago when one of its members, John W. Wicks, hospitalized in Minneapolis, needed 14 pints of the rare No. 3 type to insure his recovery after an operation. Several members had the right type and 14 pints were flown to Minneapolis in no time at all. Mr. Wicks recovered after the administration of six pints. The balance was turned over to a cancer sufferer in the same ward.

Below is a photograph taken when members of Richmond, Va., Lodge presented gifts to 96 youngsters at the Crippled Children's Home down there.

ROCKVILLE, CONN., Lodge, No. 1359, received its Certificate of Appreciation from the Elks War Commission recently through the good offices of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin. A class of candidates was initiated that evening, most of them World War II veterans. Every one of these men paid tribute to the work of the Order during the war. They remarked that of all the servicemen's centers with which they had come in contact, the Elks Fraternal Centers were tops.

The meeting took place in No. 1359's new lodge room located in a large brick building adjacent to the new home.





Above: Kentucky Elk officials are shown at the dinner held during the State Elks Assn. Convention at Covington, with Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner, seated second from left.

MISSISSIPPI

Biloxi Lodge No. 606 went all out to entertain the delegates to the 1946 meeting of the Mississippi State Elks Assn. on June 23rd. Pascagoula, Gulfport, Hattiesburg, Clarksdale, Corinth and Biloxi Lodges sent 55 members to take part in the meeting and to hear Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor of New Orleans, La., Lodge, give one of his fine talks on the Crippled Children's Program. Past Grand Tiler Sidney Freudenstein of New Orleans spoke to the members and offered a \$50 cup to be presented to the team which wins the Ritualistic Contest at next year's Convention at Clarksdale.

Another order of business was the adoption of a motion that the Association endorse a Crippled Children's Program in Mississippi with the object of founding a hospital for those children.

D.D. Dewey Lawrence installed the following officers: Pres., Dr. J. B. Price, Canton; Vice-Pres.'s: North, R. C. Kremser, Clarksdale; South, E. A. Elliott, Pascagoula; Secy.-Treas., L. A. Nichols, Vicksburg and Trustees: North, Joe Bell Harbison, Greenville, and South, C. M. Drey, Biloxi.

LOUISIANA

One of the most successful meetings in the history of the Louisiana State Elks Assn. was held on June 16th, with members of Shreveport Lodge No. 122 acting as hosts. Representatives from most of the lodges in the State were on hand to hear Albert Garland, former President of the city's Bar Association, give the address of welcome, and the response made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor of New Orleans. Other distinguished Elks present were

Right: State Pres. Judge O. R. Baum presents the Idaho State Elks Association scholarship award to Miss Mary Martineau as her mother looks on.

News of the STATE ASSOCIATIONS

Past Grand Tiler Sidney Freudenstein; D.D.'s C. A. Blanchard and Robert Sugar, and P.D.D.'s C. A. Barnes and A. J. Manhein.

State Pres. Sol Pressburg of Alexandria Lodge was reelected for a full term, together with: 1st Vice-Pres., D. T. Lenhard, Baton Rouge; 2nd Vice-Pres., George Himel, Natchitoches; Secy., W. C. McDonald, New Orleans, and Treas., Clarence La Croix, Baton Rouge.

The business meeting was called to order at 11 a.m., and was highlighted by the decision of the delegates to conduct a Ritualistic Contest throughout the State. A prize of a \$100 loving cup

will be offered, to be given to the winning team, and an additional prize of \$100 in cash will be divided among the members of the championship group. Donations in the amount of \$200 were made for this purpose.

Following the meeting, a buffet luncheon was served to all Elks and their lady guests, preceding the impressive Flag Day Exercises conducted by Grand Lodge officers at the Municipal Auditorium. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rightor presided, and the History of the Flag was related by D.D. Sugar. Associate Justice Robert F. Kennon of the Louisiana State Supreme Court delivered the principal address.



NEBRASKA

The Nebraska State Elks Association held its annual Convention in Chadron on June 10th and 11th. Following the meeting, the Committee of Chadron Lodge No. 1399 used 40 cars to take 185 visitors through the Black Hills with stops at many spots of interest, including Mt. Rushmore, Custer and Hot Springs where they enjoyed a dip in the famous springs.

The Benevolence Commission—Crippled Children's Committee—conducted 18 clinics, examining 1,351 cases at a total cost of \$2,660.19. In the past year the 19 Nebraska lodges have spent \$59,218.06 on charity and benevolence. The Association's membership has increased 1,291, bringing the total to 10,478 and one new lodge was instituted at Broken Bow, No. 1688, with 235 charter members.

Officers of the organization for the coming year are: Pres., Walter J. Hampton, Chadron; Secy., H. P. Zieg, Grand Island; Vice-Pres.'s: Glenn F. Waugh, Fairbury; L. H. Murrin, North Platte; Cliff N. Ogden, Jr., Omaha, and B. M. Diers, Scottsbluff; Treas., F. C. Laird, Fremont; Tiler, Nick Tritz, Chadron; Sgt.-at-Arms, Rex Coffee, Chadron; Chaplain, Rev. Francis J. Pryor III, North Platte, and Trustees: J. M. Fitzgerald, Omaha; C. L. Baskins, North Platte, and F. M. Deutsch, Norfolk. August Schneider, York, is Chairman of the Benevolence Commission and Wm. A. Braden, Kearney, and George W. Babcock, Chadron, are Chairman and Secretary, respectively, of the P.E.R.'s Club.

MINNESOTA

The largest group of Minnesota delegates in many years of the State Association's existence met at Eveleth June 20, 21 and 22 and decided in favor of the peony capital of the nation, Faribault, as the scene of next year's meeting.

Officers elected were: Pres., Emory Hughes, Minneapolis; 1st Vice-Pres., Dr. L. C. Brusletten, Faribault; 2nd Vice-Pres., L. W. Spolar, Hibbing; 3rd Vice-Pres., Don W. Nagle, Rochester; Treas., O. C. Paulson, Thief River Falls, and Trustee, John Meurer, Minneapolis. Mr. Hughes then appointed Stanley P. Andersch, Minneapolis, as Secretary; John A. Hoffbauer, Brainerd, Tiler; Dr. John E. Soper, Minneapolis, Chaplain, and E. W. Stevens, Duluth, Sergeant-at-Arms. L. N. Haggarty, Rochester, will continue as Elks Rochester welfare representative. A new Committee on sports was added to handle bowling, golf and softball, and it was proposed that a bowling trophy be awarded.

The membership in Minnesota has increased by more than 4,000, with a new lodge added to the list at Alexandria. The financial status of all lodges is more than satisfactory, and interest in fraternal and civic work is at a peak. A great many lodges are, for the first time, planning to initiate large classes in the near future.

Reports were given by Chairmen William P. Faley of the National Defense and Veterans Center Committee and John A. Hoffbauer of the Publicity Committee. Extension work in Minnesota North may soon add more lodges. Efforts are being made to have the lodges issue regular official news publications, either monthly or weekly.

Parade prizes went to the Rochester Drum Corps, first, and the Brainerd Ladies Drum and Bugle Corps, second; Virginia Lodge won the first prize for floats, and Hibbing the second.

BIG MOMENT?



YOU BET!
ANOTHER TRIUMPH
FOR

*** PIPE APPEAL**

*MILDNESS
FOR COMFORT—
RICHNESS FOR TASTE.
P.A. KEEPS YOU
TONGUE-HAPPY!*

● Sure, she'll be impressed to see you smoke a pipe; but your pipe will have more appeal to you—and to her—when you fill it with Prince Albert!

P. A. is so easy on the tongue—rich flavor and cool comfort in every puff. Prince Albert is crimp cut too, to pack right and draw right. More pipes smoke P. A. than any other tobacco.

Roll-your-own smokers say, "There's no other tobacco like Prince Albert" for easy-rolling, rich-tasting, mild "makin's" smokes.

R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

*** PRINCE
ALBERT**

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE





Above are the new officers of the Oregon State Elks Assn.

RHODE ISLAND

Anthony F. Lawrence of Woonsocket was elected President of the Rhode Island State Elks Assn. at its annual meeting held at the home of Pawtucket Lodge No. 920 on June 30th.

Seventy-five delegates representing the State's six lodges took part in the proceedings which were highlighted by the rededication of the State Association's service flag honoring 662 Elk veterans, including the seven who gave their lives, and the presentation of a \$300 scholarship to Miss Mildred T. Patenaude by Chairman John F. Malley of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan was also there to represent the Elks War Commission in presenting Certificates of Appreciation to all the Rhode Island lodges for their over-subscription in all four quotas during the war.

It was voted to incorporate the Association under Rhode Island laws, and the delegates also voted to subscribe to a Permanent Benefactors' Certificate in the Elks National Foundation. The 1947 meeting will take place at Watch Hill.

The officers who were installed by D.D. Alfred H. Chapman immediately after their election were: Pres., Mr. Lawrence; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Howard Goodwin, Newport; 1st Vice-Pres., Richard J. Butler, Westerly; 2nd Vice-Pres., Edward Basler, Providence; 3rd Vice-Pres., John J. Lynch, Pawtucket, and 4th Vice-Pres., Horace Senerchia, West Warwick; Secy., Thomas Page, Woonsocket; Treas., Dr. Edward C. Morin, Pawtucket; Tiler, Lionel Brodeur, West Warwick; Sergeant-at-Arms, Joseph Thibodeau, Westerly; Chaplain, G. Dana Manson, Providence, and Trustees: Joseph D. Holmes, West Warwick, six years; Frank E. McKenna, Woonsocket, five years; Charles F. Moran, Providence, four years; John Baldwin, Pawtucket, three years; Frank Mansfield, Westerly, two years, and Edwin Spooner, Newport, one year.

The Association received its Honor-

ary Founders' Certificate and the lodges of Providence, Westerly and Woonsocket received Permanent Benefactors' Certificates from Mr. Malley. Acting Mayor Lawrence A. McCarthy of Pawtucket Lodge, extended to the delegates the greetings of the city.

The State Associations Committee Reports the Following Convention Dates for 1946

Association	City	Date
Colorado	Canon City	September 6-8
Michigan	Port Huron	September 6-8
California	Los Angeles	October 9-11
Vermont	St. Johnsbury	October 18-19
Tennessee	Columbia	*

* date not yet set

OREGON

The members of Baker Lodge No. 338 took great care of the 800 delegates and visitors to this year's Convention of the Oregon State Elks Assn. June 14th and 15th.

The two-day session opened with the Ritualistic Contest, won by Medford Lodge No. 1168 with a score of 98.01. At 7:30 that evening the Elks paraded through the city to the Junior High School gymnasium where the Flag Day

Exercises, open to the public, were held. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan of Portland was the chief speaker. Bands from Astoria, Roseburg and La Grande took part in the ceremonies.

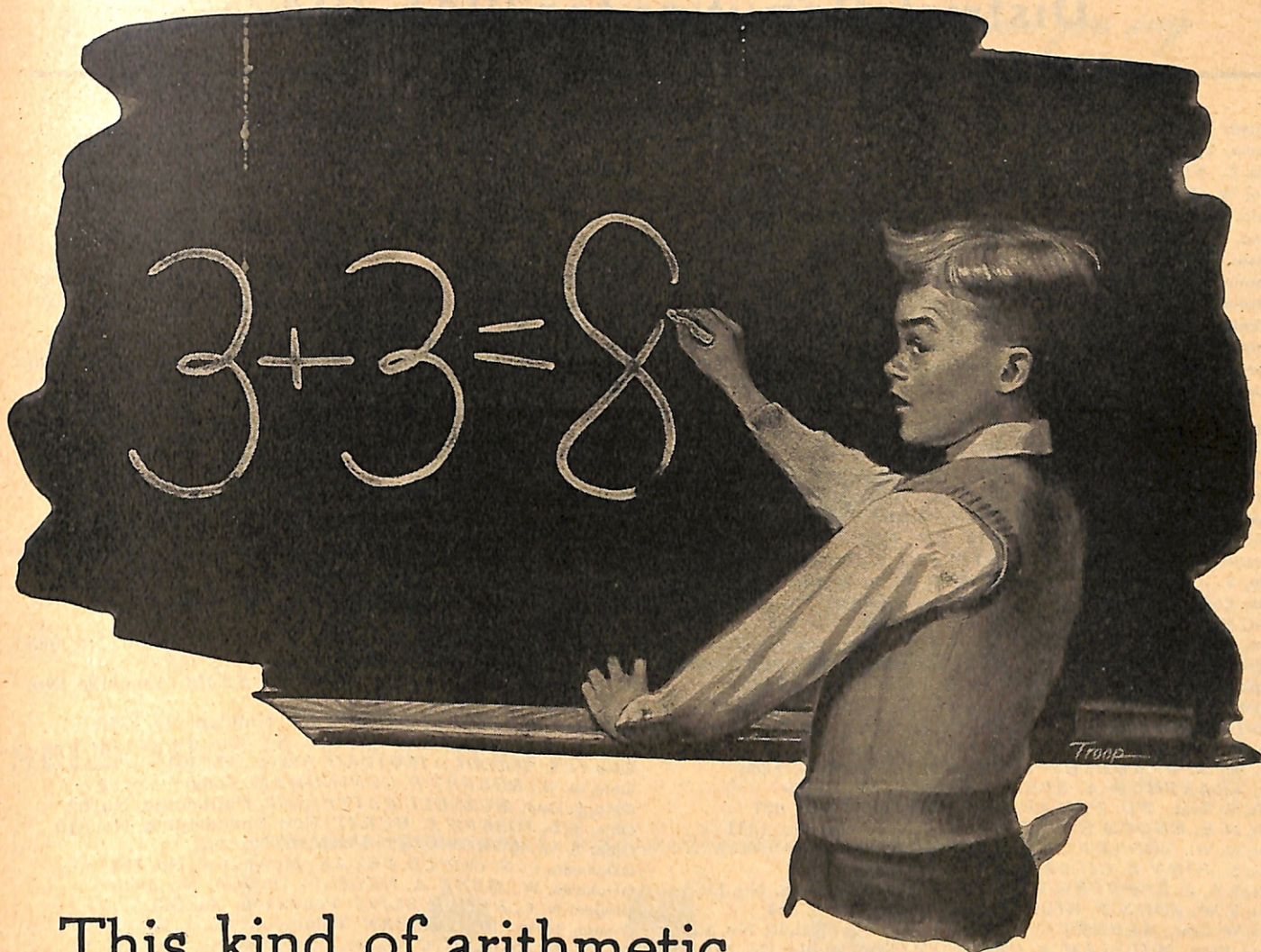
The business sessions Saturday began at 9 a. m. In addition to electing officers for the coming year, the delegates chose Roseburg as the site for the mid-winter meeting. The annual Convention in 1947 will take place at Coos Bay.

The following officers will head the Association: Pres., John N. Mohr, Hood River; 1st Vice-Pres., E. L. Hatton, Eugene; 2nd Vice-Pres., A. N. Nicolai, Oregon City; 3rd Vice-Pres., Elmo Angele, Lakeview; Secy., Ernest L. Scott, Medford; Treas., R. C. Gile, Roseburg; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. R. Barrett, Albany; Asst. Sergeant-at-Arms, Merrill G. Stoddard, Baker; Chaplain, D. B. Elliott, Tillamook; Tiler, Charles Coopey, Corvallis, and Trustees: F. T. Garesche, Portland; Kirby S. Fortune, Marshfield; Herbert Hacker, Astoria; M. E. Doble, Pendleton, and James A. Byers, Salem.

Reports of the various lodges prove that the Oregon Elks are in fine fettle, with their charitable work and aid to veterans predominating in almost every lodge. The Veterans Housing Program, begun at the last midwinter session, has done a great deal of good, and most of Oregon's lodges report that though the problem isn't solved entirely, the pressure is somewhat relieved.



Right: Chairman John F. Malley of the Elks National Foundation Trustees presents the \$300 scholarship award of the Rhode Island State Elks Assn. to Miss Mildred T. Patenaude.



This kind of arithmetic may put Johnny through college

Here's how it works out:

**\$3 put into U. S. Savings Bonds today will
bring back \$4 in 10 years.**

Another \$3 will bring back another \$4.

So it's quite right to figure that 3 plus 3 equals
8 . . . or 30 plus 30 equals 80 . . . or 300 plus
300 equals 800!

It will . . . in U. S. Savings Bonds. And those

bonds may very well be the means of helping
you educate your children as you'd like to have
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So keep on buying Savings Bonds—available
at banks and post offices. Or the way that mil-
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Payroll Savings. Hold on to all you've bought.

You'll be mighty glad you did . . . 10 years
from now!

SAVE THE EASY WAY... BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

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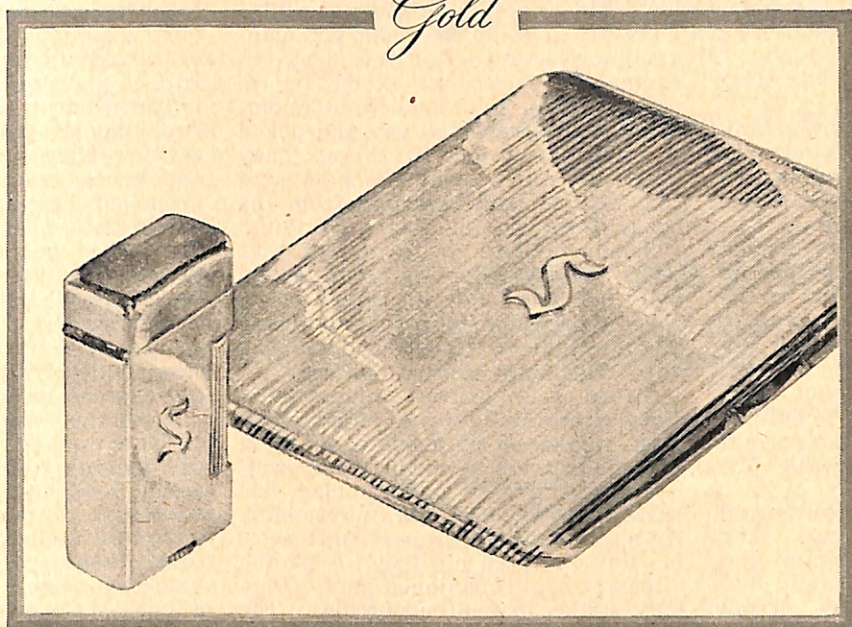


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 Alaska, W., *EDWARD G. BARBER*, Anchorage, No. 1351
 Arizona, N., *CARL D. HAMMOND*, Kingman, No. 468
 Arizona, S., *LOUIS P. LAUX*, Douglas, No. 955
 Arkansas, *JOHN P. FAYE*, Hot Springs, No. 380
 California, Bay, *AUGUST LEPORI*, Petaluma, No. 901
 California, E. Cent., *JOHN H. NEWMAN*, Sonoma, No. 1587
 California, N., *MILES L. MARDERS, JR.*, Oroville, No. 1484
 California, S. Cent., *T. F. McCUE*, Alhambra, No. 1328
 California, S., *PAUL R. BECK*, Oceanside, No. 1561
 California, W. Cent., *FRED O. SHERRILL*, Santa Maria, No. 1538
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 Georgia, W., *REUBEN A. GARLAND*, Buckhead, No. 1635
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 Idaho, N., *R. F. KERCHIVAL*, Coeur d'Alene, No. 1254
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 Illinois, S. W., *JOHN F. GIBBONS*, Jerseyville, No. 954
 Illinois, W. Cent., *ALBERT C. VANSELOW*, Springfield, No. 158
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BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. Seagram's 5 Crown, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram's 7 Crown, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

It's Not Funny

(Continued from page 13)

the spectators, and when it was over I still had a full quota of arms and legs. I wasn't mad with anyone.

But that, Mr. Secretary, was sissy stuff.

The operating table here is a folding steel contraption—the kind with a three-section top, of which the head and foot sections can be raised or lowered at will—placed at the edge of the platform. Every inch of it is coated with a thick smear of grease. The victim is made to lie on it, and if all his clothes have not already been removed by eager assistants of the barber or the dentist, they are now ripped off and flung aside. Have you ever had a pair of tough broadcloth shorts torn off your body with one swift yank, Mr. S?

Around the operating table stand members of the oiling squad, each armed with a bucket of black oil and the biggest paint brush he could find in the ship's paint locker. From head to foot the victim is smeared—eyes, ears, nose, mouth, all of him. He is naked, remember. Nothing is overlooked. If he is wise, he shuts his eyes and keeps his lips clamped tight together, for fuel oil can cause a man's eyes to smart for days, and a swallow of the vile stuff may make him wretchedly ill. His ears he can do nothing about, unhappily, for his hands are securely held until the smearing is completed. He is now a lovely sight, Mr. S. Oil from head to foot. Half blind. Gasping. And terrified.

Yes—terrified. Aboard the NAMELESS, one sobbing victim on the operating table took a look at the tank below him, realized what was about to happen to him, and managed, somehow, to escape from the hands that held him. He ran. But he was dragged back, Mr. S, and to punish him for his lack of "sportsmanship", his tormentors added certain small refinements to the remainder of his treatment. (He was a nice kid, Mr. S. I looked him up later and we talked about home, and his folks, and how the war was going. He was almost normal then. But when I mentioned the initiation, do you know what he said? He said, with his hands clenched and a look of pure hate in his eyes, "I hope the Japs sink this ship. I hope they sink the whole Navy!")

Anyway, Mr. S, when the victim is thoroughly lathered with oil by the oiling squad, the operating table is tilted and he goes hurtling off it like a plane from a catapult. He goes soaring through space. On the good ship NAMELESS this aerial flight culminated six feet below in a water-filled tank made of three large life-rafts piled one atop another and lined with tarpaulin. The water, of course, was soon fouled with oil, which meant that when you swal-

lowed it—as, inevitably, you did—you were sick. In the event you managed somehow to land feet first, enthusiastic shellbacks stood by to make certain your head went under. They simply reversed you and poked it under—and held it there. They held one man's head under so long that he had to be assisted from the tank. I suppose he was a weakling.

Then you had to get out of that tank, Mr. S, boosting your naked body up and over its slimy sides, while a detachment of hand-picked paddle wielders stood by to clout you with clubs and canvas paddles.

There was grave danger here. Very grave danger. A half-blinded man, weakened by a brutal mauling and sick at his stomach from swallowing oil, grease and atabrine, has little control over his movements. He may land on his hands and knees, his duff, or even his face. A paddle aimed at some cushioned part of him may strike, instead, a portion of the body less able to absorb the blow.

It happened. One of our Australian guests—who went through the ordeal all in good fun, remember—fell back into this tank three or four times before he was able to claw his way over its slippery side. He fell to the deck, dazed and shaken. An oil-soaked canvas club sent him sprawling. A moment later he was being helped to sick bay with agony on his face and both hands clutching his groin.

He was badly injured. He might have been permanently injured. And he was not the only one. A Filipino messboy, waking twenty-four hours later from a complete daze, could not even recall what had happened to him. Pathetically this Filipino lad wondered what he had done to deserve such treatment from friendly shipmates.

Well, all right, Mr. S. Not all of them were hit where it hurt so much. Most of them managed to gain their feet and run the gauntlet of the club wielders, sliding and skidding across the slippery deck, and sometimes falling, but getting up again quickly to escape more punishment. And at the end of the gauntlet lay the last refinement of all: the twelve-foot-long tunnel through which, on hands and knees, they had to propel their naked bodies.

It was here that those few brave and hardy souls who were still trying to laugh in spite of the oil and the tank and the brine-soaked paddles, at last looked disgusted. You saw them hesitate, and you could read conflicting emotions in their expressions—anger and revulsion and loathing, and finally a determination to go on and get it over with. For the tunnel contained as evil a mess of garbage as could be assembled anywhere. Into it had been tossed chicken entrails, cold beans, soup,

frankfurters, canned corn and tomatoes, vegetable peelings—all the leftovers from the galleys, and all stirred together with gallons of oil.

They did it, of course. To be a "good sport" you had to. One after another they went down on hands and knees, crawled into the tunnel, propelled their naked bodies through to the other end, and reappeared. There they were paddled again while they walked to showers supplied by the battery of hoses. But they walked slowly. Some of them snarled at the paddlers. One man raised a clenched fist with such obvious meaning that he was wisely left alone.

With the worst of the oil and the garbage washed off, they disappeared one by one to their quarters for a much longer session with strong soap and hot water. But not many were still amused, not even the very tough ones who had clowned and kidded one another. And by the time a tenth of the two hundred pollywogs had completed their initiation, nine tenths of the spectators had quietly gone away.

No audience, Mr. S, wants its stomach turned.

But, for what it was worth, the pollywogs were shellbacks. They were "in". Later, to prove it, they were given handsomely colored "diplomas" decorated with mermaids and lobsters and weird fishes, and inscribed as follows:

To all Sailors wherever ye may be, Greetings, and to all Mermaids, Whales, Sea Serpents, Porpoises, Sharks, Dolphins, Eels, Skates, Suckers, Crabs, Lobsters, and all other Living Things of the Sea, Greetings.

Know ye that on this Fourth Day of July, 1945, in Latitude 00000 and Longitude East, there appeared within our Royal Domain the USS NAMELESS, bound north for the Equator.

Be it remembered that the said Vessel and Officers and Crew thereof have been inspected and passed by Ourselves and Our Royal Staff. And be it known by all ye Sailors, Marines, Landlubbers and all others who may be honored by his presence, that—, having been found worthy to be numbered as one of our Trusty Shellbacks, has been duly initiated into the Solemn Mysteries of the Ancient Order of the Deep.

Etc.

At chow that night, Mr. S, only five men appeared at our table in the wardroom. There had been twelve before, including four of our Australian guests—but seven were too ill to eat. Some of the seven were still too ill to eat breakfast, the next morning. Or perhaps they were just too disgusted.

For two days I made it my business to prow around the ship, talking to the initiates. Few admitted with any real frankness that the or-

deal was rough—their pride would permit no complaining. But a little eavesdropping here and there was considerably more rewarding. Sick bay, I discovered, had treated a dozen men for injuries. Several would need treatment for days. Fifty-year-old Commander G—, black and blue from his hips to his knees, could scarcely walk. Filipino messboys, unfamiliar with the solemn significance of an equatorial orgy, were bitter at having been shorn of their hair, which to a Filipino is a prized possession.

Finally, certain shellback crew members were gloating over the special pains they had taken to make it rough for some of their officers; and the same officers, aware of this special treatment, were discussing ways to even the score. There would be an undercurrent of bitterness aboard the NAMELESS for a long, long time.

When you're a correspondent aboard a warship, Mr. S, with nothing to do except wait for the ship to arrive at its destination so you can get off it and be about your business, you talk to other correspondents. You talk about such profound subjects as home, and books you will someday write, and how a nice cold beer would taste if you could get one. But aboard the NAMELESS, the talk was about the exhibition of brutality we had witnessed. It was sober, thoughtful talk—with a purpose.

"A good many of those men," the correspondent for this Magazine said, "deeply and bitterly resented the gross indifference to their dignity as human beings. No man—certainly no man as old as Commander G—wants to be stripped and paraded like an animal before his fellows. As for me, I watched for about an hour and then went away quietly to avoid being sick. If I had been captain of this ship, I'd have stopped the whole ugly business ten minutes after it started."

"The Australian officers," said Seeman, who had struck up something of a friendship with them, "secretly feel that the ordeal was a shameful affront to their dignity. They feel it doubly because their commanding officer was among the spectators. They won't give you a statement to that effect—not even the one in sick bay—but their feelings go deep."

Jim O'Connor, when asked to comment on this, said he preferred not to—he being an Australian newspaperman. "It wasn't very funny, though, was it?" he said quietly. "Hardly entertaining. I wouldn't want any boy of mine to be so humiliated. I believe I'd do something about it."

These were not personal gripes, Mr. S. All of us had been previously initiated and were not among those who had to go through the mill aboard the NAMELESS. Nor was any personal criticism pointed at this particular ship's officers and men. The captain was an excellent fellow

New Higher Pay for the Army!

NEW PAY SCALE

IN ADDITION TO CLOTHING, FOOD, LODGING, MEDICAL AND DENTAL CARE,
AND LIBERAL RETIREMENT PRIVILEGES

	Starting Base Pay Per Month	Monthly Retirement Income After:	
		20 Years' Service	30 Years' Service
Master Sergeant or First Sergeant	\$165.00	\$107.25	\$185.63
Technical Sergeant	135.00	87.75	151.88
Staff Sergeant . .	115.00	74.75	129.38
Sergeant	100.00	65.00	112.50
Corporal	90.00	58.50	101.25
Private First Class	80.00	52.00	90.00
Private	75.00	48.75	84.38

IN ADDITION TO COLUMN ONE OF THE ABOVE:

20% Increase for Service Overseas.

50% Increase if Member of Flying or Glider Crews.

5% Increase in Pay for Each 3 Years of Service.

Highlights of Regular Army Enlistment

1. Enlistments for 1½, 2 or 3 years. (One-year enlistments permitted for men now in the Army with 6 or more months of service.)

2. Enlistment age from 18 to 34 years inclusive (17 with parents' consent) except for men now in Army, who may reenlist at any age, and former service men depending on length of service.

3. A reenlistment bonus of \$50 for each year of active service since such bonus was last paid, or since last entry into service, provided reenlistment is within 90 days after last honorable discharge.

4. Up to 90 days' reenlistment furlough with pay, depending on length of service, with prescribed travel allowance paid to home and return, for men now in the Army who reenlist within 20 days.

5. Consult Army Recruiting Officers for other furlough privileges.

6. Mustering-out pay (based upon length of service) to all men who are discharged to enlist or reenlist.

7. Option to retire at half pay for life after 20 years' service—increasing to three-quarters pay after 30 years' service. (Retirement income in grade of Master or First Sergeant up to \$185.63 per month

for life.) All previous active federal military service counts toward retirement.

8. Benefits under the GI Bill of Rights assured for men who enlist on or before October 5, 1946.

9. Choice of branch of service and overseas theater (of those still open) on 3-year enlistments.

Listen to "Warriors of Peace," "Voice of the Army," "Proudly We Hail," Mark Warnow's Army Show, "Sound Off," and Major Football Broadcasts on your radio.

**URGE THE FINEST YOUNG MEN
YOU KNOW TO**

ENLIST NOW

**AT THEIR NEAREST
U. S. ARMY RECRUITING STATION**

**A GOOD JOB FOR YOU
U. S. Army
CHOOSE THIS
FINE PROFESSION NOW!**

in every respect. His crew was no rougher than other crews.

No—the fault lies deeper. It's in the system. I've talked to a good many navy men since the war ended, and they all say pretty much the same thing. These equator-crossing rituals are senseless. No one enjoys them. They're getting worse. Somebody, someday, is going to get killed.

(In the Merchant Marine, Mr. S. that final refinement has already happened. It happened last January, aboard a Chile-bound freighter. Two young men, forced to drink saltpeter and water, died as a result. Authorities investigating the case doubted any "malicious intent"—but death by any other name, Mr. S. is just as permanent. And for what?)

"When I got mine," a young naval officer told me, "I was slugged across the face with a knotted, oil-soaked towel and knocked clean off the ship's fantail." (This happened aboard a destroyer.)

"They painted me with turpentine. All of me," another navy man declared. "I couldn't sit for three days, and every time I went to the head I thought I'd die."

"I crossed the line with a load of troops," a third said. "We put the

ship's company through the mill first, so they'd all be shellbacks when the soldiers came along. Then there weren't enough paddles to go around, so we used belts. Brother, you ought to see what a belt-buckle can do! Sick bay got so full that the skipper had to stop it. About ten of those guys were in sick bay the rest of the trip."

SOME captains do keep it clean, Mr. S. But not many. Tradition insists that they maintain a hands-off policy. Anyway, we're concerned with the rule, not the exception. The rule won't be changed until someone in authority does some shouting.

Getting back to the NAMELESS, I remember one boy I talked to—one quiet, good-looking kid about nineteen years old, whose leg was purple from ankle to knee. I expressed concern over his injury. He looked at me for a moment in silence, and then he snarled and said, "That's okay. Next time I'll be a shellback."

That's right—next time he will be. And so will his fellow sufferers. And, remembering the day they had to "take it", they will be determined to "dish it out" in greater measure. They'll think up bigger and better torments. They'll invent new indig-

nities. They'll hit harder. In the end, if something isn't done to halt this vicious progression, King Neptune's royal domain will be peopled with cripples.

Or corpses, Mr. S. Like those two boys in the Merchant Marine.

My friend who just joined your estimable organization isn't going to like this sort of deal, I'm sure. He may be tough enough to take it without complaint, but being a clean young American kid from a good home, he is going to resent being stripped of his dignity and pushed around like a pig in a foolish, brutal, sadistic ceremony that does no one any good. He may be willing to risk his arms and legs in combat with an enemy, but being blessed with ordinary intelligence he will balk at risking them for a mere scrap of paper with a few mermaids on it. He's going to be sore.

Or else, being a sensitive youngster, he is going to bawl his eyes out in secret and wish he'd never seen your beautiful posters. Which may be worse.

Isn't it high time, Mr. Secretary, that someone in authority stepped up with a reminder that crossing the equator used to be a lot of fun for everyone—including the victims?

Midget Magic

(Continued from page 9)

popularity. Several years ago John L. McCarthy, vice-president of a large New York bank, set out to eliminate one of the biggest headaches in the banking business. A customer had come in, drawn a counter check for \$100, and had neglected to enter it in his check book. When he received his statement at the end of the month, the counter check was not among the canceled checks returned to him. He did not remember issuing it and insisted that the bank was overcharging his account \$100. The check was missing and the bank could not prove that he had drawn it. The mistake may have been an honest one but banks were at the mercy of anyone who chose to use this method of bilking them.

Banking is the only business in which money is paid out and the evidence of that payment—the canceled check—is returned to the customer. McCarthy invented a high-speed automatic camera to photograph canceled checks before they were returned to their makers. Thus the bank would have in its files a facsimile proof of payment. Customers too would be protected. If they lost a canceled check, which was their evidence of payment to their creditors, they could always secure a copy from the bank.

Originally known as the Check-O-Graph, this camera was taken over by Eastman Kodak and brought to a high state of development. Its pres-

ent-day counterpart, Recordak, can photograph 150 checks a minute and get 20,000 of them face up, or 10,000 front and back, on a hundred feet of film.

In another case, a gentleman whom we shall call John Slick, borrowed \$4000 from an elderly widow. Shortly afterward the widow died. When the estate was being settled, Slick appeared at the executor's office with a canceled check for \$500 which bore the notation, "Final payment on debt of \$4000." He said the other payments had been made in cash. The executor, unable to find a record of any other payments, smelled a rat. He asked the bank for a microcopy of the \$500 check. It had no notation about the final payment, which meant that Slick must have written it in after he got the canceled check back from the bank. Mr. Slick was soon on his way to state's prison.

Five thousand major banks now microfilm their checks and stamp them to this effect. Professional forgers and check raisers get to know these banks and steer clear of them because of the ease of detection and conviction.

During the war American railroads did a back-breaking job of speeding freight toward the far-flung battlefronts of the world. Microfilm helped eliminate many of the delays that freight trains have always been subject to. Whenever a freight pulls into a junction point

and transfers cars from one line to another, much detailed information must be copied from waybills—point of origin, destination, shipper, consignee, rates, weights, etc. In this way railroads keep track of the complicated transfer of freight cars and the billings they must make to each other. Impatient conductors often twiddled their thumbs for hours as their trains stood idly by, waiting for harried clerks to rush the waybills through. Costly errors were frequent. Microfilm now copies the bills ninety to the minute—letter-perfect.

On some roads no time is lost at all. As the train enters the freight yard the waybills are dispatched to the yard office by pneumatic tubes similar to the ones used in department stores. By the time the train reaches the other end of the yard, ready to pull out, microfilmed copies of the waybills are waiting for it.

All types of business, among them department stores, telephone companies, wholesale dairies, installment houses, insurance companies, are finding that this automatic camera can do a lot of their office work. Bills go out faster, errors are eliminated, record-keeping becomes simplified. Clerical costs are cut anywhere from 30 to 50%. Large oil companies, in their never-ending search for new oil fields, are using it to make aerial surveys of the topography of the Texas oil country.

(Continued on page 46)



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S TRIUMPHAL ARRIVAL AT PHILADELPHIA FROM EUROPE, SEPTEMBER 14, 1786*

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

"*We landed at Market Street wharf, where we were received by a crowd of people with huzzas, and accompanied by acclamations quite to my door...*"

—ENTRY IN FRANKLIN'S JOURNAL SEPTEMBER 14, 1786

Nurtured by the congenial atmosphere of Colonial

Philadelphia, great personalities flowered. They created proud traditions, such as that famed heritage of hospitality, sustained today by Philadelphia Blend, "The Heritage Whisky." Here is a whisky of noble character, mild, and of winning flavor. You might justly reserve such whisky for special occasions, yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia, regularly and often.

Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
The Heritage Whisky

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
Continental Distilling Corporation
Philadelphia, Pa.

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED FOR "PHILADELPHIA"—THE HERITAGE WHISKY—FAMOUS SINCE 1894

Elks National Foundation Supplementary Report

(Continued from page 18)

Club, Student Forum, Student Government, newspaper, the Year Book English Club, the speaker on V-E Day program, speaker on Memorial Day, Armistice Day, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas. In athletics, she participated and was a prize-winner in tennis and in swimming. She was a Brookline representative in the Massachusetts Girls Auxiliary and was their selected Judge of the Supreme Court. She was a speaker at the meeting of the local American Legion Auxiliary unit, and a speaker at the State Convention of the American Legion Auxiliary, and on radio station WHDH, and a speaker at other public ceremonies. She assisted in paying the expenses of her high school career by work as a typist at the Boston United War Fund, and sales-girl in department stores, as a piano accompanist at dancing school, and as a receptionist in a Boston law office. She was a voluntary worker two evenings weekly at the Rationing Board and was a pianist in different groups at the Cushing General Hospital, and was faculty assistant in the sale of War Stamps and Bonds in the High School. She was President of the Honor Society, President of the Debating Society, Secretary of the Library and was Editor of the *News* and make-up editor of the school newspaper, and Chairman of the Senior Committee.

It now gives me great pleasure to introduce to you, this most outstanding, capable, young woman, Miss Tanner.

Our first prize-winning boy is 18 years old and throughout his entire four years of high school maintained a straight A in every course of an exceedingly heavy curricula.

This boy comes from a family in moderate circumstances, and was obliged to do general factory work during the summers, when he worked 44 hours a week for \$25.00 per week salary.

In civic affairs, he was an agent in the sale of War Bonds. He was active

in the Community Chest collections, Red Cross, Tuberculosis, Infantile Paralysis, Salvation Army and clothing and food campaigns. He was President of Everett Crusaders Lodge, a teacher in his Sunday school at St. Anthony's Parish, and a member of the American Legion Baseball team. He was senior Class President, President of the Dramatic Club, Classroom President and President of the Parlin Debating Club, a member of the football team, a captain of the baseball team, and captain of the basketball team. Ever maintaining his straight A average, he was the recipient of the honor medal received in letters, in football, basketball and baseball and was selected for the all-scholastic football team.

His rank in class was number 1 of a class of 431, and it now gives me great pleasure to introduce to you this most outstanding young student, Frank Joseph Lionette, of Everett, Mass.

In the boys' applications, our second prize of \$600.00 is awarded to Steven C. Hajos of Lansing, Mich. Third prize of \$500.00 is awarded to James C. Kirby, Jr., of Nashville, Tenn. The fourth prize of \$400.00 goes to David E. Black, Gloucester, Mass. The fifth prize of \$300.00 to Eugene R. Minzner, of Adams City, Colo.

The five \$200.00 awards go to Eugene V. Krogmeier, Fort Madison, Ia.; David G. Anderson, Iron Mountain, Mich.; James M. Raftery, Jr., Brookline, Mass.; William A. Smith, Jr., Parkersburg, West Va., and Robert A. Elson, Ishpeming, Mich.

The five \$100.00 awards, which we publicly offered and the ten additional which we have awarded by reason of the splendid achievements of the students and our desire to encourage them, are awarded to:

Henry Paul Kelley, Galveston, Tex.; Richard L. Peppers, Belleville, Ill.; William J. McAfee, Lakewood, O.; Ar-

thur A. Kemalyan, Alameda, Calif.; Thomas J. Gerend, Kaukauna, Wis.; Wesley L. Nicholson, Eugene, Ore.; John F. Cooper, Miami, Fla.; Arthur E. Marsh, Yakima, Wash.; John J. Flaherty, Portland, Me.; Robert W. Winsor, Faribault, Minn.; Charles H. McMurphy, Laconia, N. H.; Orin E. McLaughlin, Clifton, Ariz.; Alvin H. Leonard, Jr., La Grange, Ga.; Richard F. Klee, Lancaster, N. Y., and David O. Taylor, Clearfield, Pa.

Our second prize of \$600.00 for girls has been awarded to Charlotte A. Williams, Peru, Ind. Our third prize of \$500.00 to Annette Rose, Nashville, Tenn. Our fourth prize of \$400.00 to Norma R. Stark, of Scranton, Pa. Our fifth prize of \$300.00 to Emma A. Stewart, San Benito, Tex.

Our five \$200.00 awards have been awarded to Jeanne P. Pieroway, Gloucester, Mass.; Nina P. Morse, Blairsville, Pa.; Dolores M. Gautier, Omaha, Neb.; Elva P. Stearns, Middletown, Conn., and Mildred T. Patenaude, Pawtucket, R. I.

Our fifteen \$100.00 awards go to Betty J. Strouse, of Hammononton, N. J.; Bernadette F. Matocchio, Watertown, Mass.; Eva E. Akehurst, Sparks, Md.; Mary F. Martineau, Pocatello, Idaho; Margaret A. Bonar, Parkersburg, West Va.; Grace M. Squires, Norwalk, O.; Bernice B. Rubinstein, Saranac, N. Y.; Marjorie A. Hunter, Kalispell, Mont.; Avis A. Baber, Alexandria, Va.; Nancy L. Render, Excelsior Springs, Mo.; Mary R. Otterson, Fargo, N. D.; Ruth R. Posin, Glendale, Calif.; Mary E. Roer, Phoenix, Ariz.; Elda L. Yates, Park City, Utah, and Dorothy I. Fritz, Panama Canal Zone.

Your Foundation Trustees have also awarded two scholarships to applicants from our Possessions. These are \$300.00 scholarships and one goes to Julia K. Stewart, of Honolulu, Hawaii, and the other to John F. Prouty, of Juneau, Alaska.

It's a Man's World

(Continued from page 17)

They were as wary of strangers as a Newport dowager. Only the most ignorant of country bumpkins attempted to attract one by standing on the curb and whistling and waving arms expectantly as the red and yellow patriarchs wheezed regally by. When out-of-towners were numerous you could see them lined up for blocks fruitlessly flagging the air. It was a pretty sight; especially in the rain.

New Yorkers knew better than this, of course. They snared their cabs in many ways. Stalking them near the garages where they slept was sometimes successful. But this took lots of time and was rather impractical except for the leisure class. Another method more commonly used required less patience. A packet of long and sharp upholstery tacks was scattered on the asphalt a hundred yards from where the hunter wished to enter

his cab. In a few moments, sure enough, a cab stopped in front of him. The passenger riding in it jumped out (they always do, in New York, whenever the cab stops) and the hunter climbed in. And—as soon as the tires were repaired—off he went!

These cabs were held together more by memories than by nuts and bolts. The lifeline from the engine to the differential lengthened out with the years, and the energizing impulses traveled along it with the unsteady slowness of the infirm. Motors raced with the zest if not the smoothness of old. But when the driver let in the clutch, time marched on a considerable distance before the rear wheels of the taxi started to turn. These ancients, which in their youth leapt forward when traffic signals changed from red to green, were hard pressed toward the last to get under way at

all before the light changed back to red again. But once they were rolling they wouldn't take sass from any pedestrian.

Most of them had been driven several hundred thousand miles but not, as their appearance indicated, through a threshing machine. On the best of them *both* doors closed—at least partially. Broken window panes were covered with adhesive tape or cardboard as a precaution against damage—not to the passenger, but to what remained of the glass. Glass was hard to get.

Except for vagrant pieces of coiled springs which constantly pierced the remains of the seat cushions—and whatever happened to be sitting on them—the ride itself presented no difficulties. Most of the taxi's anatomical structure was loosely held together, though, like a sentence with too many clauses. This made for a certain amount of exhaust fume

No harsh bitterness

...Just the Kiss of the Hops



Copyright 1940, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



*America's Most
Distinguished
Beer*



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

seepage from the muffler into the tonneau or passenger section. Occasionally this exhaust smoke would envelop not only the passenger but the entire cab. These clouds moving along Fifth Avenue were often mistaken by young children for jinn conjured up by some rediscovered Aladdin's lamp. But they weren't.

Some cabs became noted for the

peculiar flavor of their fumes and for a time a new connoisseur's organization, *Le Société Fumer de Taxicab*, occupied the attention of cafe idlers. While riding in a cab engulfed by fumes and smoke, only an ill-bred visitor was impolite enough to cough or noticeably dab the tears out of his eyes with a handkerchief. Once they became ac-

customed to it, visitors were as happy in their new environment as the natives. In fact many said the fumes relaxed them as much as opium.

New York won't be the same any more. The double-decked Fifth Avenue buses are also going and the Third Avenue El, too.

Will someone please give me a mug of beer to cry into?

Midget Magic

(Continued from page 42)

The actual cost of microfilming is surprisingly low. Firms do not have to buy the equipment if they do not want to. For \$30.00 a month they can rent a commercial-size machine that will photograph anything from a theatre ticket to a 55-foot street map. For a machine doing ordinary office work the rental is \$12.50 a month. Operation is practically fool-proof. A 100-foot roll of film costs \$3.00, which includes developing. If the firm does not wish to be bothered doing the work itself, the records can be sent out and filmed for \$2.80 per thousand exposures.

The Army Medical Library, with 400,000 volumes, has the world's largest collection of medical literature. It contains practically everything published in this field since 1467, when the first medical treatises began to appear. Until recently this great collection was available to only a few—those who could come to Washington to consult it. The Library did have a limited loan service but it was very unsatisfactory. Books were slow in being returned. Many were lost or damaged in transit. Others were so fragile or rare that the Library could not take the chance of sending them out.

But now a microfilm copy of anything in the library can be shipped to any part of the world without worry about damage or loss. Last year over 40,000 items went out this way to our own and allied medical services, and to civilian medical researchers. The Chinese Army Medical Corps alone received, regularly, microcopies of 100 different medical journals.

MICROFILM is serving the cause of medicine in other ways. Surgeons are beginning to take their own pictures of the operations they perform. They either set the camera to run automatically or work it by foot pedal. Later they study the pictures for possible flaws in their technique. Medical schools may soon be using this method to supplement the teaching of surgery.

Out at the Percy Jones Army Hospital in Battle Creek, Michigan, doctors were having trouble with a hopelessly immobilized battle casualty. Physically he was as comfortable as the hospital's resources could make him. But he seemed to be getting progressively worse. Repeated check-ups failed to show why. The doctors tried everything. Finally

one of the psychologists remembered about "Projected Books." It was an idea thought up by a microfilm company executive when he was hospitalized with a broken knee.

A filmed book is projected on the ceiling directly over the patient's bed so that he may read while lying flat on his back. Pages are "turned" by pushing a button on the projector. The soldier was persuaded to try it. After much experimentation he found that he could manipulate the machine by pressing the button with his chin. The realization that he could do something for himself gave him a psychological shot-in-the-arm. Improvement was rapid after that. "Books on the ceiling" will soon be available for those who prefer reading this way. The business of going to bed with a book is going to be even more effortless than it is at present.

Microfilmed books will probably never replace regular ones completely. But more and more specialized uses are being found for them. Libraries, already large users of microfilm, are expected to go in for them heavily. Fremont Rider, director of the Wesleyan University Library, has worked out a system whereby the contents of a 250-page book may be placed on the back of a single index card. He forsees 500 pages on that card in the not-so-far-off future. At that rate a whole library could be contained in what is now its card catalogue room. And these "books" will cost but a few cents to produce. Almost any small-town library will then be in a position to bring to its citizens all the organized knowledge of the world.

The Library of Congress, one of the pioneers in microfilming, is using this device to preserve its irreplaceable collections of state papers and documents. Many of these are yielding to the toll of time, and constant handling is hastening deterioration. By making microfilm copies and allowing its patrons to use them instead of the originals, wear and tear are reduced to a minimum. These copies may last a hundred years or more, some experts think. And they may be re-photographed indefinitely. Also by means of microfilm, the library's ten million reference volumes, none of which may leave the building, are made available to anyone anywhere in the world.

The staid old British Museum is one of the most enthusiastic users of microphotography. Even before the

outbreak of hostilities in 1939, the Museum began a program of safeguarding its treasured books and manuscripts by placing them on film and sending the originals to widely dispersed hiding places outside of London. As a result very few, if any, were lost during those terrible years of German bombings. The Museum has a microcopy service similar to that of the Library of Congress.

During the war this service saved at least one American scholar a tidy piece of change. Before 1939 he had made a few trips to England to do literary research for an important book he was writing. He needed another trip to complete his work, but that was out of the question, of course, until the fighting was over. Rather than wait, he asked the Museum to microcopy the material he needed. The total cost was \$17, instead of the several hundred which the trip would have cost him.

Today that scholar can get the same material from the American Documentation Service of Washington, D. C., for a fraction of seventeen dollars. This organization, a non-profit one, now has ninety per cent of the world's important literature assembled on microfilm.

ART museums, like libraries, are employing this medium to make their collections accessible far beyond their own confines. The Frick Museum of New York has film copies of 350,000 of the world's principal paintings. The Philadelphia Museum of Art has a similar service for those interested in its unmatched collection of 10,000 rare coins.

Early in 1942 Shostakovich, the Russian composer, was working feverishly to smooth out the "bugs" in his Seventh Symphony. His job as a fire warden in Stalingrad kept him pretty busy those days, but he had a deadline to meet. Arturo Toscanini had agreed to conduct the symphony in New York, which meant that it would have a world-wide audience. A date for the concert had been set. As soon as the composition was finished it was microfilmed, fitted into a five-inch box, and placed aboard a New York-bound cargo plane. The four fat volumes of the music in its original form might have had trouble making that plane, well-loaded as it was.

When the symphony arrived there was no time to copy it off in the usual manner. That would have taken sev-

eral weeks. And so it was re-photographed and placed into rehearsal almost immediately. Shostakovich's Seventh met its deadline—with an assist from microfilm.

The average person buys a newspaper and throws it away before the day is over. But the publisher, the historical society, the library, must carefully preserve that paper because it is a day-by-day history of the world. Before the advent of microfilm, preserving the back issues of a newspaper was a real headache. They had to be bound in volumes as large as the newspaper itself—heavy, cumbersome affairs weighing as much as 25 pounds each. The paper deteriorated rapidly and after a few years was ready to disintegrate altogether. Now 830 pages of newspaper can be preserved on one roll of 35mm. film—permanently—and in the same amount of space two packs of cigarettes would require.

Newspapers from all over the country, including many from small towns, are being microfilmed. Recordak is doing practically all of them. The publisher sends copies of his paper, usually a month's issues at a time, to Rochester. After they are photographed—at the rate of 35 pages a minute—a master negative goes into the Eastman Kodak vaults. The prints are sent out to the publisher and his list of subscribers. So far over ten million pages of newspapers from all over the world have been placed on microfilm.

City, county and state governments are jumping onto the microfilm bandwagon. Up in Monroe County, New York, Walter H. Wickens is a busy man. In addition to being County Clerk, he is also County Registrar, Clerk of the Supreme Court, County Court and Naturalization Court. In his spare time he is in charge of the Auto License Department. Cluttering up his office were 861 dust-collecting tomes of 600 pages each. Some of these might be consulted once a year or once in ten years but they had to be kept handy all the time. As an experiment he had five of the volumes microfilmed. They were recorded with ease on one hundred-foot strip of film. Now the whole set is being done and Mr. Wickens and his staff will soon be able to breathe again.

The New York Police Department recently placed its rogues' gallery—one million strong—on microfilm. Michigan's Motor Vehicle Department saves \$6000 a year in rent by keeping its files on film. And so it goes throughout the country.

The Federal Government, often a laggard in modern business methods, is using microphotography in 30 of its agencies and departments. The Social Security Board has filmed 52,000,000 account cards. The Census Bureau is doing the same with every census record since 1790.

During the war many offices were shifted out of Washington to relieve the terrific overcrowding. Moving the records was frequently a big problem. The large vans needed were

not always available. Microfilming was the answer. In one case involving the transfer of an agency to New York, the records had to be sent in their original form. En route the truck overturned and caught fire. The entire consignment was destroyed. Luckily, microfilm copies had been made before the transfer and no permanent loss was suffered.

Somewhere in an army rest camp last year, Private Joe Doakes may have been taking a course in bee-keeping. It was probably one of the many correspondence courses being given by the U. S. Armed Forces Institute to thousands of our men overseas. Lessons were assigned, papers corrected, examinations given—all by microfilmed Official Photo Mail.

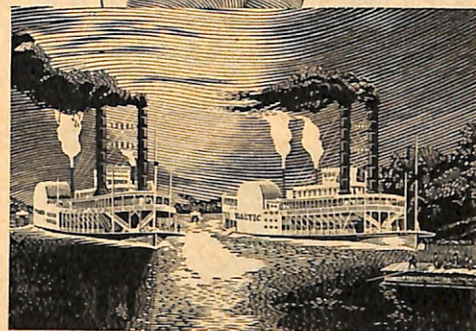
Microfilm is helping the Navy Department get 75% of its mail out to action desks within an hour after it is received. Formerly the mail room was always a day or two behind. Now a camera does the recording and the mail is on its way in a hurry. Thirty-six typists have been released for other duties. In another Navy office it became necessary to duplicate a file containing 400,000 cards. It would have taken a crew of typists about three months to do it. Two cameras working two shifts a day completed it in a week.

As we all know by now, nearly every ship sunk or damaged in the Pearl Harbor attack was raised, reconditioned, and eventually used in some way against the Japs. The part that microfilm played in this near-miracle is not generally known. Almost before the smoke had cleared away, copies of blueprints and specifications for each of these ships were on their way from Washington. The building of a battleship requires about 150 tons of blueprints. Without microfilm it might have taken weeks, or even months, to copy the necessary plans. Not only that, but one solitary plane was able to fly the complete set in.

From Pearl Harbor, the Navy discovered an invaluable use for microfilm. Copies of blueprints for every ship in the Navy were sent in advance to repair yards all over the world. Then, when a ship came in for repairs, there was no delay. This, in part, was the secret of their incredibly fast return to combat. The Japs would write off some cruiser shot full of holes, and then, a battle or two later it would be back again. Some of the Jap communiqués reporting the same ship hit in two or three successive engagements were really telling the truth.

The fifty billion records already on microfilm seem to indicate that it is here to stay. This mighty midget, tested in the crucible of war, is now revolutionizing peaceful pursuits. It is saving time, space and money in business and industry. It is protecting our cultural heritage against fire, flood and fungi. And most promising of all, it is joining hands with the typewriter and the printing press in bringing the world's wisdom and knowledge to everyone's doorstep.

DOUBLY DELIGHTFUL The Southern Comfort CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL



FROM AN OLD PRINT: A Steamboat Race On The Mississippi

Doubly Delightful—lively champagne and subtle, smooth, 100 proof Southern Comfort: Into champagne glass pour one pony of chilled Southern Comfort, dash of bitters (optional), fill with very cold champagne, garnish with thin lemon peel. It's marvelous!

•
RECIPE
BOOKLET
ON EVERY
BOTTLE
•



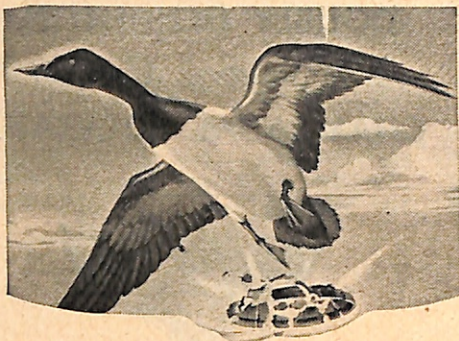
There's Only One

SOUTHERN COMFORT

100 PROOF LIQUEUR

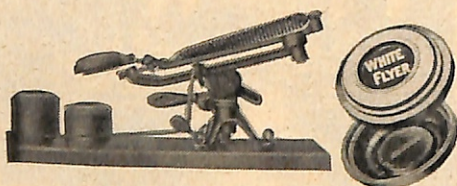
America's Most Versatile Drink

SERVED ON MANY OF THE NATION'S FINEST TRAINS
SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, ST. LOUIS 2, MO.



NO CLOSED SEASON for the Man with a WINCHESTER

Now, before the season opens, get in some practice shooting at your local trap or skeet club. If you're not near a club, get a crowd together with a Western Practice Trap, a couple of cartons of Western White Flyer Targets and Winchester shotshells.



Light, inexpensive, the Western Practice Trap loads and trips easily. Adjusts to various angles and elevations. Can be locked to throw targets at uniform speed, angle and elevation.

Use Winchester Ranger loads for practicing upland game shots—Winchester Super Speed loads for practice on high-flying duck shots.

* * *

THE BEST GUN TO USE

—is a Winchester Model 12 Hammerless Repeating Shotgun. You'll like its quick, easy sighting, its fast, smooth slide action. The Model 12 is also available in trap and skeet models. Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., Division of Olin Industries, Inc.

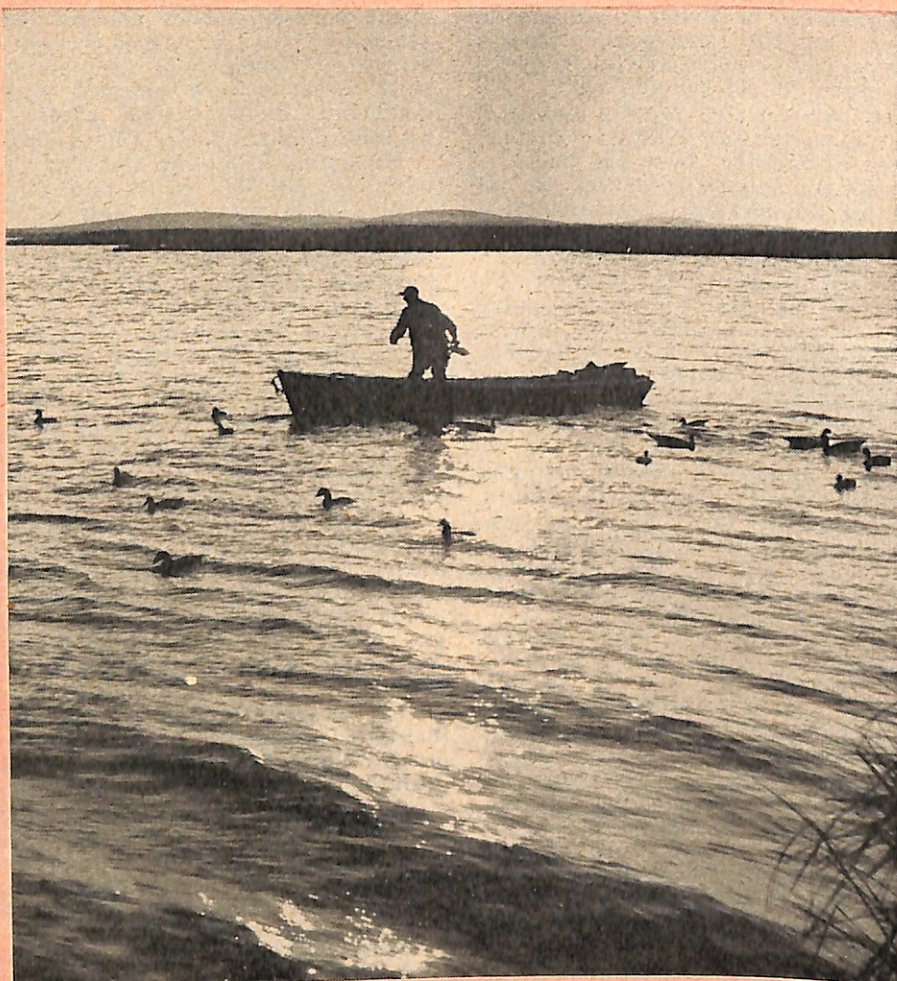


WINCHESTER



RIFLES • CARTRIDGES • SHOTGUNS • SHOTSHELLS
FLASHLIGHTS • BATTERIES • ROLLER SKATES

Red AND Gun



Press Assn.

By Dan Holland

You might expect a bumper crop of ducks this year. But don't.

A LONG-LEGGED darky working around the kennels belonging to a Florida friend of mine attracted my attention one day by his particularly leisurely movements.

"Working hard?" I asked him as he slowly pushed a broom along.

"No suh," he answered sleepily, "not so hard; jus' so often!"

That, the Fish and Wildlife Service will tell you, is what is

wrong with the ducks: they are shot at just so often. At least this Fall, with that as the excuse, the government is planning to reduce materially both the season and the bag limit to give the ducks a much freer passage from the northern breeding grounds to the wintering areas in the South.

That this had to happen this year is particularly unfortunate because thousands of servicemen who gave up their favorite sport

for two or three or even four seasons had awaited this opening day as eagerly as a ten-year-old awaits Christmas morning. They had anticipated ducks in quantities as never before. This Fall they would spend many a morning crouched in the shelter of a blind, shivering nervously to the whistle of ducks' wings overhead rather than to the thunder of artillery fire or the drone of planes.

This wasn't entirely wishful thinking. Everything they had heard indicated a bumper crop of birds when they returned. As recently as last Spring at the Wildlife Conference in New York, they were misled by a heated discussion on who brought back the ducks. A sportsman's organization and the government boys went at it hammer and tongs, each claiming credit for the big increase in waterfowl.

That was fine! What beautiful music to the three million ears of America's duck hunters. It was the healthiest sign since the drought years ago had knocked the props out from under wildfowl.

Common sense told them, too, that with the thousands of hunters removed from the field during the war by the Services, together with gas rationing and lack of shotgun shells, a great increase in birds could be expected. But it isn't so.

Each year in January the government "counts" the ducks. This survey shows that the waterfowl population has taken a nose-dive from a high of 125 million in 1944 down to 80 million in 1946, a drop of 36 per cent. To add to this unhappy tale, the field representatives of the Wildlife Service report poorer than average conditions on the breeding grounds during the Spring and early summer.

So much for the facts and figures. This situation immediately brings forth several important questions from the duck hunters. First, they want to know why. Why have the ducks gone on the decline? Who or what is to blame and how can the situation be remedied? The next question to be answered is how this shortage affects their immediate sport this Fall. Then, finally, the all-important question: what is the future of ducks and duck hunting?

The answers to these questions are partly theory, partly common sense and a good deal of guesswork. It is long since time that the guesswork was dealt out of this business, but unfortunately it still plays a major role, and some people are just naturally poor guessers.

The why of the decrease in the duck population, according to the Fish and Wildlife Service, is the result of three things: overshooting, poor breeding conditions, and disease. Overshooting is explained by the fact that the number of hunters has increased 44 per cent over the past two years, as indicated by the sale of federal duck stamps. This was a natural and easily predictable increase in the hunters brought on by the release from more pressing business at the end of the war. This

Fall there will be even more who want to enjoy themselves afield and who will do so unless discouraged by drastic regulations.

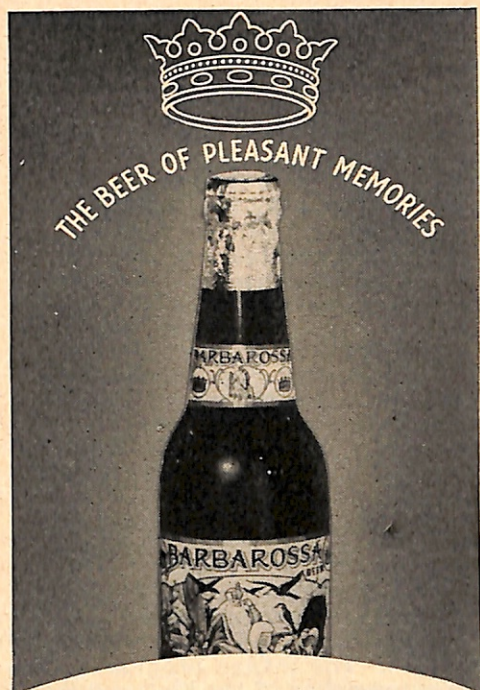
The second factor, poor breeding conditions, is probably the most serious problem facing the ducks in the long run. It all dates back to the land-reclaiming mania that swept the country early in the century. Thousands and thousands of acres of marshland were drained leaving in their place parched, desolate land, and sowing the seeds of drought and dust bowls. Although effort has been made to repair some of the damage, the results are pitifully small compared to the vast marshes that once produced sky-blackening flocks of waterfowl.

The third factor, disease, probably plays a greater part than given credit for. When wildfowl reach high points of concentration, disease spreads rapidly and takes a heavy toll. By 1944, due to the lack of hunting during the early years of the war accompanied by good breeding conditions, the duck population reached an estimated high of 125 million birds, the greatest since drought and disease reduced the fowl to an all-time low back in the early thirties. This was fine, but there was some sand in the sugar. Ducks were near the saturation point on some of the better available bodies of water, and this afforded an ideal opportunity for the spread of botulism and cholera.

Now, what of the present? What are the prospects for good shooting this year? The prospects are poor. With fewer birds there will be a general shortening of seasons, reduction in bag limits and further restrictions, undoubtedly announced before this can be printed. Of the three factors credited with the reduction in the number of ducks, only one is readily controllable, and that is shooting. No matter what affects the welfare of the ducks, even if they were the victims of an international spy plot, the hunter foots the bill. This season, when many sportsmen are free to enjoy their favorite sport of wildfowl-ing for the first time in several years, they had a right to expect something a little better, but it isn't in the cards.

This present decline shouldn't be cause for great alarm. The duck population is not at a dangerously low level as yet, and as long as the men responsible can hold the line, there is no immediate worry. But the decline must be checked, and in checking it they are right in using any means at their disposal—which, of course, is cutting the seasons.

But what of the future? Will long-range planning eliminate these duck depressions? Will the lone hunter continue to have the thrill of luring a flock of wary mallards to his decoys set anxiously, and often precariously, in the pre-dawn blackness? Will he know the solitude of the great marsh stretching endlessly on all sides into the half-light of dawn, and the enormous sky overhead, and ducks, ducks, ducks; or



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does the modern trend of restrictions and refuges mean that the duck hunter of the future will sit in the clubhouse and wait for his turn with the gun on the government-controlled shooting preserve?

I don't think it will ever come to that. Let us pray not, for hunting is a sport which by its very nature cannot be regimented and still retain even a semblance of the quality which makes it almost a necessity with countless thousands of Americans. The hunter pits himself and his skill against the forces of Nature and the inherent wariness of his game. Regimentation would leave room only for the man who is interested in a fat bag, obtained in the quickest and easiest way.

One thing the duck hunter can be sure the future holds, and that is more and more refuges. Ninety per cent of the money he pays in to the government for duck stamps goes to the purchase and maintenance of refuges. The refuge program is the accepted policy of the Fish and Wildlife Service. From the purchase of resting refuges along the flyways, it is now concentrating on the control of wintering areas.

Possibly this is for the best. Possibly it is all very good and necessary. In the face of lack of money, means and ability to reclaim the reclamation work that has gone before—that is, wholesale improvement of areas not now productive—perhaps it is the only answer. However, it is far from ideal.

Great quantities of fowl concentrate on the refuges where they loaf unmolested, gorging themselves, polluting the water and giving disease every chance. Wherever any species of animal life becomes concentrated, disease thins it out. Maybe that is the trouble. I wouldn't know.

Also temporary sanctuary at the

height of the shooting season gives the birds an artificial sense of security and makes them suckers for a load of chilled sizes at the next stop on the way South. The worst result of closing the best duck waters to all shooting or of making government shooting preserves out of them, however, is the resulting concentration—of both fowl and hunters—than which nothing can be more disastrous.

The Horseshoe Lake Refuge in Illinois is a good example. Canada geese filled this refuge to overflowing. There were an estimated twenty-six thousand geese resting, peaceful and secure, on this refuge in the Fall of 1945. But the government had provided a one-week, four-and-one-half-hour-a-day open season which the geese didn't know about. Everyone in the area, realizing that this short season was the only chance during the year for his sport, was on hand at the opening whistle. Well, the result was obvious. The unsuspecting geese suddenly met by hordes of hunters were hardly afforded a chance to move out of gunshot. In twenty-two and a half hours of shooting, 5150 geese were killed before a closing order could be issued. What a mess! So now this area has been closed to all shooting for an indefinite period—until the birds get fat and lazy and unsuspecting and ready for the next slaughter.

The great cry about the land today among conservation circles is "More fun from less game". The number of gunners is growing with the population and with the increased spare time being enjoyed by many, the natural supply of game is not keeping pace. Why? Only because our conservation methods have not kept up with the other developments in this great country of ours. Game is a renewable re-

source, as renewable as the grains on the ear of corn and the melons on the vine, as renewable as the beef on the range and the chickens in the barnyard. When America put its mind to it, we produced enough food for ourselves and half the rest of the world to boot. When a farmer's land fails to produce properly, he irrigates, or he fertilizes, or he rotates his crops; he doesn't make a refuge out of that part of his farm and harvest that much less.

No, conservation isn't that simple, but neither was farming to the first farmers. The perpetuation of game is a problem of its own, and there's so much to learn, but learn we must and will.

With the approach of autumn the mysterious urge to migrate is beginning to stir in the breasts of thousands of wildfowl. The chill in the northern air will soon change the restlessness to action and once again the familiar whistle of the golden-eye's wings, the loud talk of the hen black duck and the incessant babble of talkative geese will be heard overhead. Just as compelling and mysterious as the migratory instinct is the desire of thousands of hunters to get afield. Their guns are handled fondly and their dogs know that it won't be long now until all is right with the world.

The desire to hunt and fish is instinctive in the American people. Our forefathers, as though hand-picked, were those few from all the old countries of the world who felt this desire the strongest and so packed their belongings and moved to this great new land teeming with game and fish and adventure. So it is not surprising that there are over fifteen million hunting and fishing license holders in America today. Preserving this heritage is a big job for big men.

Every Dog Has His Day

(Continued from page 6)

depositors and tearing up the place, she'll be quiet as a lamb. Take her out at once."

"But she's a veteran," Clay began with desperate courage. "You're always saying veterans come first. Ladybelle was at Iwo Jima and Okinawa and she helped lick the Japs and..."

Mr. Pelham's face was frozen. "You may draw the balance of your salary and leave now or take the dog from the premises."

So Clay made arrangements for a boy in a shop two doors away to look after Ladybelle. "It's only for a week," he reassured her.

There was no trace of the Summer-ville boredom in the welcome Martha Taber had arranged for Ladybelle when Clay took her up to dinner that evening. The sofa was covered with a sheet and a sign attached "Welcome Sergeant Ladybelle Henry—

Summerville's Fightingest Marine". Above that on the wall the flag was draped. Framed beside the flag was a clipping of the news story of Ladybelle's heroism. Beside the sofa was a pan of water labelled "unchlorinated" and a plate of chopped beef with a rib bone ten inches long with a card, "No more C Rations for our heroine."

Martha herself was dressed in a chiffon gown of pink and white which took Clay's breath away and on which Ladybelle promptly impressed a paw print. But Martha only smiled. Her brown hair seemed to Clay to halo her pert little face. He had never seen her lovelier. But when she said, "Oh, Clay, isn't it wonderful that Ladybelle is back? With her you can do anything," he could only gulp.

But after dinner when the shepherd stretched herself in majestic

comfort on the sofa and he and Martha sat sipping highballs in front of the low fire, he told her about Mr. Pelham and Ladybelle. Martha was indignant.

"Clay, why on earth didn't you quit then and there?" she demanded. "Martha, you just don't do those things with Mr. Pelham."

"Why? You should have pushed his smug face in."

"Oh, Martha. You know I couldn't do that." But there was a glint in her eye. He could see she meant it.

"Clay Henry, look at me. Have you ever decided what you are going to do when you finish your week at the bank?"

"Well, no, not exactly. I thought I'd look around and..."

"Look around at what? You know very well that your suggestions for remodelling Lake's Drug Store turned that place from a dive

into a profitable business. You fixed up the Toonerville Diner so now all the kids from school stop there. They didn't used to know it existed. And Mercer's store and that grocery. That's the business you ought to be in."

Martha's brown eyes were fiery. Clay had never seen them just like that. It was almost as if his future was important to her. Really important.

"But Martha, I did that just for fun. I'm no architect. It's just sort of a hobby."

"Hobby, my foot! The only time I've seen you enthusiastic in three years was when you were having that . . . that . . . fun, you call it."

"Yes, but I've got to make a living. I've got to have a job, you know, like at the bank. That remodeling stuff doesn't pay anything."

"Only \$50,000 or more a year to men who are good at it. And now is the time, Clay. I mean it. Priorities are coming off materials. Lots and lots of small business people will want to modernize. You can do it if you only would."

Clay stood up. He hadn't expected this, not even from Martha. Didn't she know that he only wanted to be safe, to be secure in a good steady job? He didn't want to make \$50,000 a year. Just \$5,000 some day and be sure of it.

But Martha was going on. "Listen, Clay. I heard today there's a contractor over in Milton who is going to start a modernizing campaign. A Mr. MacIlvane. You could sell yourself to him, get a fee for each job and soon you'd be established."

Clay ran his hand through his hair. "But Honey. I mean Martha. I couldn't take a chance on an uncertain income. I've got to be sure, even if I don't make much. Then maybe someday I'll have enough to get to a specialist and get this heart fixed."

Martha stood up beside him and Ladybelle opened one eye, checking.

"Look, Clay." He had never seen her so intent. "Nothing will do your heart more good now than to be happy, to be doing something you like, to be getting a grip on yourself and the world. And," she added, but her eyes dropped now, "no one wants that for you more than I do."

That night tossing on his iron bed Clay thought less of the design job than he did of Martha's words, "No one wants that for you more than I do". Did it mean that maybe someday . . . ? But that was ridiculous. Love-sick daydreaming. A girl like Martha—why, Martha could have her pick of anybody. But if it was just being friendly, would she have looked away as she had, almost shyly, when she said it? He didn't fall asleep until after he'd firmly denied to himself any such possibility; until he'd repeated to himself several times his formula that he would have to play it safe, play it alone, just he and Ladybelle.

The boy in the store to whom he'd entrusted Ladybelle's keeping proved

something less than worthy. Several times during Clay's last days at work she slipped her leash and came bounding in through the open door, tail wagging, to his desk on the bank floor. Each time he had caught Mr. Pelham's freezing look and he had slunk out, Ladybelle trotting gaily at his heels, hoping for a long walk, glad for even a few minutes of his company. What did Ladybelle care for the authority of bank presidents? She'd been a Marine, hadn't she?

But Mr. Pelham wasn't impressed by Marines, even 'dog Marines'. The last time it happened he met Clay as he came back into the bank. "Once more," he said, "and you're fired on the spot. That won't do much for your future."

It happened on Clay's last morning of work. He'd been at his desk a couple of hours and old Mr. Marbury, the guard, was opening the main doors for business when Ladybelle pushed in and came trotting over, tail high, head erect, eager as a calf. Clay didn't even glance at Mr. Pelham. He rushed from behind his desk, grabbed Ladybelle's collar and was pulling her into the doorway when he heard a voice, deep and ominous, but not the one for which his nerves were braced. This voice was strange.

"Not so fast, bub. You and the pooch get back in there, over by the wall, quick."

Clay looked up and, amazingly, into the barrel of a black automatic pistol. He could feel Ladybelle's fur bristle before he relaxed his grasp and backed away. Two more men had pushed in, one with a pistol, the other with a black bag. The last one was taking Mr. Marbury's revolver and ordering him to close the doors. The leader was in the center of the floor, talking.

"Take it easy, folks." His tone was casual, like that of a master of ceremonies warming up. "This bank will open for business in a few minutes. No pushing of alarm buttons or this guy will have it." He waved his pistol at Mr. Pelham; chalky white and with mouth wide open, he was standing like a circus statue. The tellers and clerks froze and the treasurer and assistant treasurer looked on, as men watch a bomber they are powerless to help, plunge down from the sky.

With the sense of an onlooker at a well-staged melodrama, Clay watched one robber working fast at the tellers' cages scooping the ready cash into his bag. In a few moments the leader signalled Mr. Pelham.

"O.K.," he cued, "now let's you and me visit the vault."

Wordlessly Mr. Pelham led the way toward the back of the banking room. Friday payrolls were made up, waiting there for messengers. The third man stood watching, his own automatic and the guard's revolver steady and leveled and threatening to go off at the slightest sneeze. Nobody seemed even to breathe.

"They're robbing the bank." Clay

(Continued on page 54)

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BEFORE

AFTER

Hilo DIP and OINTMENT

In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



How to get your dog to "watch the birdie"

IF YOU ever want to take a picture of your dog, let this be a warning. I'm sure you won't do what I did—but then, anything can happen. Not long ago I became a brand new owner of a brand new Graflex. With what I now know to have been vain-glorious enthusiasm, I went around offering to take pictures for some of my friends. That was a mistake. Among others who accepted my offer was a young couple who kept a kennel of pretty good show dogs. They wanted pictures of their purps. Faust would oblige. Delighted (to show off). Came the picture-taking day and I arrived at the kennel. With mistaken hospitality my friends concocted a number—never mind how many—of Tom Collins. They were the biggest drinks I ever saw. The glasses were practically the size of a speaking-trumpet. The day was very warm and the ice tinkled pleasantly in the glass. You know—or do you? Well, sir, the lady of the kennel trotted out her prize-winners one by one and how that gal worked to polish those pooches for the camera. The dogs were airedales and they take quite a bit of grooming to look their best. I may add that they are not exactly book-ends when it comes to size, as you probably know. I took eighteen shots of film. Yes, I said film. The day was fine. The light was right. I left for home with words of heartfelt appreciation ringing in my ears. That night I developed the films. I developed and developed—and developed. But every darned film was blank. In every instance I had forgotten first to remove the light-tight black tin

slide that always covers the film pack as a precautionary gadget. I could have aimed that camera and snapped a thousand poses of those dogs with the same result. I have met the he-half of the kennel owners but I haven't yet gathered the courage to face his wife. Something tells me that I'll never be invited to their home again. Since then I don't dally with the Nation's Great Curse—before doing any picture-taking.

Now that our neighbors across the water have decided to behave themselves for a while and the shooting, or most of it, is over, photographic equipment is finding its way back into the market. People are beginning to take pictures again. Film can be had and, in many instances, certain makes of cameras too. So it occurs to your reporter that a piece on taking dog pictures might come in handy for some of my dog-owning readers. Now it's not a difficult thing to get a good picture of a dog if a few necessary measures are observed. Like the old recipe for making rabbit stew which informs you that you "first catch your rabbit", I'd say that the first thing, of course, in the business of picture-taking is to get your camera. If you've never used a camera before then your best bet is to get one that is simple and easy to operate. Don't despise the humble box type with the single lens that sells for only a few dollars. In a good light this will do almost as much as one of the most expensive, high-powered jobs that come equipped with all kinds of gadgets. But if you have taken pictures before to any extent it

may be that you have a camera. Whether you have one or intend to get one it's also a good bet to get a tripod as you may want to take some indoor head studies of your pup and for any camera time less than 1/25th of a second you must have a firm support for the camera. Some few thoroughly experienced camera users, professional and skilled amateurs, do know the trick of shooting at 1/10th of a second while holding the camera—but it takes much experience and film spoilage before this is mastered.

As for film—any good standard, advertised brand will do. And if you are selecting a camera you'll find several that take varying kinds of film, from rollfilm to cut film and film pack. It all depends on the camera. Each type of film has its certain advantages. The rollfilm is perhaps the most widely used and probably a bit more convenient to handle. But the drawback to it is that you have to expose the entire roll before you can have it developed. With cut film and film pack you can develop each single shot as you take it. If you select the inexpensive box type camera don't expect it to do the trick work that the more expensive kind will do. As I have written previously, in a good light it will often give fine results but don't expect to get perfect pictures on a dull day or when the light is bad or before sunrise or after sunset. And don't expect or try to get pictures of subjects in heavy shadow.

As for developing and printing your own pictures—which does add much to the enjoyment of picture taking—well, these are subjects too technical to be included in what is after all a thesis regarding the dog as a photo study. Any camera store or other place selling cameras will load you down with free literature that will tell you all you need know about these ends of the picture business. Tut, tut, Faust, get back on the track and into the subject you started with—the matter of shooting Fido—with a camera. All right then, Ed, here goes:

If the picture you want is a stand-still, formal sort wherein you want all of the dog to show at its best—or if it is a head study—or any other kind of shot for that matter, paste this rule in your bonnet: Don't blow your top in a temper. You'll need all the patience you can muster. And forget for the time being any ideas you have of making a very young dog take a formal pose. They just won't and that goes double for puppies.

It's a good thing to show your camera to the dog; let him investigate it with his nose to get familiar with it, to see that it won't hurt him. For some strange reason some pooches are uneasy when the camera is pointed at them.

I can't too strongly emphasize the necessity of *planning* your picture before you begin. Think out the process, the angle from which you want to photograph, the position of the dog. Consider the light and shade

effects and, most important of all, the background of the dog. Never photograph a dark dog against a dark background or a white or lightly colored pup against a light ground. Avoid planting a mottled pooch, such as the Dalmatian (so-called coach dog) or one that has contrasting patches of color, in a broken light such as the dappled light and shade that you'll see under trees or overhanging shrubbery.

If your dog hasn't been trained to stand still at command, and most house pets haven't, then you'll need someone to hold him on a leash but for a dog picture try to eliminate the person so all the attention value of the picture centers on the dog. If you can dispense with another person, do so, as it is best not to have anyone or anything around to distract the dog's attention. And give that household cat or other dog, if you have one, the bum's rush unless you want to snap both dogs together.

To go back a moment to the background for your critter's picture, use a sheet or even old newspapers (if you have a camera that focuses sharply) as a ground for a dark dog. The newspapers are all right if you can throw the background out of focus so that it will become so blurred and indistinct that the print will scarcely show. For the light-colored dog any dark material, brick wall or fence (solid board) is okay while for the vari-colored pooch a neutral, colored background will do.

Hold your camera about even with the dog's shoulder unless you want to try a trick angle shot. A good average distance to shoot from is fifteen to twenty feet. If your picture is a clear one you can always eliminate unwanted areas and have just the dog's figure enlarged. Many drug stores handle developing and printing and enlarging orders as, of course, do all camera stores, and many magazines carry advertisements of firms who'll handle the business for you by mail. If you are making a head study then the above distances will have to be shortened but you'll need a focusing camera for this.

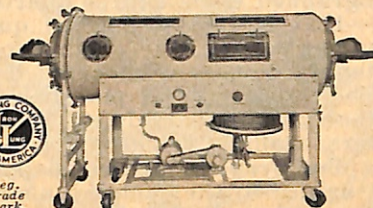
Have the sunlight in back of you or a little to right or left. Don't try to shoot against the sun with the sunlight coming from the off side of the dog. You'll either fog your picture or get great over-exposure with scarcely any detail in the shadows. To make the dog take a more alert stance carry one of those rubber "squeaks" with you or make some odd sound just at the moment you press the shutter.

The average galoot kept as a house pet of course is a mixed breed but most pups of that kind do resemble one of the standard, pure-bred types, hence the following won't be amiss. Dogs that resemble those grotesque, gentle creatures, English bulldogs, are best photographed head on or at a slight angle to foreshorten the body. This goes for pups of chow chow appearance and, to a lesser degree, for poodles. The trick here is to emphasize the head and shoulders. For

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head studies collies photograph well either sideways or head on. Dogs resembling wire-haired terriers and in fact any terrier type pooch should be photographed from a three quarters view—that is, almost but not quite facing the camera. Here again foreshortening comes in as these dogs look better when the pic shows a shortened back. Field dogs—setters, pointers, spaniels, retrievers—are always photographed professionally at right angles to the camera unless a head study is being made.

One of the most amusing, interesting dog pictures I ever saw showed a wire-haired terrier examining a tortoise. His expression of puzzlement

was almost human. The pic was taken by a professional dog photographer—a woman, but you could do the same thing if your luck and your patience held out. Incidentally, consider yourself blessed if you get a good picture during your first try. The pros among the shutterbugs think nothing of taking scores of pictures of one pose to get exactly the one they want but when they do get it, it's usually a honey. Bear in mind always to have the dog doing something that is natural for a dog to do. Don't indulge in such trick pictures as having your dog wear a hat or glasses or holding a pipe. True, sometimes such things

look cute but they're as artificial as a night-club gold-digger.

Remember too if you do get a picture on a dull day, you'll get no light-and-shade contrasts; your shot will be grey, probably lacking in detail and generally uninteresting.

It's best, too, not to overture the dog with posing and still better not to try to snap the pooch when it is overtired. There's be no zip to the picture; his muscles will sag and the tiredness will show plainly as the camera picks up detail that is often scarcely seen by the human eye. It's a good idea to reward your dog with some small tidbit. He'll enjoy the picture-taking all the more.

Every Dog Has His Day

(Continued from page 51)

thought and there didn't seem to be a thing to do about it.

Clay saw that Ladybelle hadn't moved since he'd left her at the leader's command to cower, back to the wall. She was watching him, her body perfectly still, but the scruff of her neck still bristling. Clay saw that she stood between the door and the man with the two guns. She was, in fact, almost in the doorway. God, he thought. What if she were waiting for some word from him before moving? In the old days when he'd given her training, she would have stayed on alert, immobile, waiting for his signal, for a half-hour or more. But what had she learned in war training? War dogs were taught to attack the enemy on command. He knew that. But what command did they use? But he knew it wasn't so much the word of command as the tone. Any word would do, if he said it right. Lord, he mustn't think of that. He must get thoughts like that out of his head. This wasn't his responsibility. These men were armed. They'd shoot. All he wanted now was himself and Ladybelle out of this alive. It wasn't his money.

The man with the bag had already finished. The leader was following Mr. Pelham from the vault, carrying several gray payroll sacks. Clay knew no alarm had been set off or the gong outside the bank would have sounded. Not even a telephone had rung. It looked as if they couldn't miss now.

The leader began stuffing the sacks into the bag. Now two of the men were backing toward the door, the leader putting his automatic into a shoulder holster. The man with the two pistols was still covering, his eyes roving about the room to catch the slightest threatening movement.

He didn't see Ladybelle stir. She retreated a step and turned her body so she could keep her eyes on the two men backing toward her and see Clay as well. She sensed something was wrong. It never occurred to her to duck out from under unless Clay

called her off. That would have meant everything was legal.

Clay knew what it meant when she shifted her position that way. She meant to stand. Nobody would go out that door without Clay's O.K. Good God, he thought, Ladybelle is putting it up to me like I was a Marine. To her I'm as good as any guy in the Pacific.

When the leader and his companion were only three short steps from Ladybelle, she growled. It wasn't loud but to Clay, who knew about dogs and especially Ladybelle, it couldn't have carried more implication. The two men whirled. The covering gunman never changed his expression or averted his glance. Ladybelle faced her antagonists and growled again lower this time.

The leader turned to Mr. Pelham. "Call that dog," he ordered.

Mr. Pelham made gurgling noises and came out with "Here dog, Here pup. Come pup."

Nothing happened.

"It's not my dog," he pleaded. "It won't come to me. Belongs to one of my employees."

Clay couldn't figure what was happening inside him. He knew something was taking place, some evolution that was making the old Clay Henry into a different Clay Henry. For somehow all in a second he knew just what he was going to do and how he was going to do it. That in itself was different. And it was fun. He liked it. He felt good inside.

The voice of the leader cut through. He had walked over to Clay. He was no longer casual but chilled steel.

"Call that dog, you."

"I . . . I don't think I can. He's just back from war. I . . . I don't know the commands. But maybe I could pull him away."

"O.K. Go over and pull him back. Keep the rest of the crowd covered," he called to the immobile gunman.

Clay walked slowly toward Ladybelle, praying to God she would hold it, praying to God she would hair-

trigger when he did want her to, praying the leader wouldn't pull his gun. Because in Clay's plan of split-second action he knew there was only one man effectively armed now and though that man had two guns, his back was to Ladybelle, who was not more than six feet away.

As he reached the shepherd and bent over toward her as if to grasp her collar, he prayed a final prayer. Oh God, don't let my heart pass me out now. Then with a mighty shout—a shout that Ladybelle understood—he hurled himself toward the back of the man with the two guns.

He wasn't sure of anything after that. He landed on the man, arms around his throat, and pulled him down. He heard shots. He fought like an animal with teeth and nails and feet. He heard yells of alarm and pain. He smelled acrid smoke. Once he felt Ladybelle's paw on his face, heavy, as if she were using it for a fulcrum. But above all he hung on to his man; hung on till he couldn't catch his breath; hung on until blackness swallowed him.

When he came to there was a crowd of people around. Vaguely there were voices. Then he felt a hot tongue on his cheek and he smiled. Finally came Mr. Pelham's voice. He recognized it as the booming one, shaken but still the booming one.

"Neatest thing I ever saw," Mr. Pelham was saying. "That boy and his dog took those men on single-handed, or single-pawed, you might say. Ha, ha! But I'm going to make him and his dog junior officers of this bank the minute he comes to. That's the kind of men we need in this institution. Men with guts."

Clay Henry smiled but quietly and to himself. And to himself he said, "Oh, no, you're not, Lineas T. Pelham, Esq. I'm fired." It was a pleasant thought. He dwelt on it. "I wonder how Martha will like living in Milton as the wife of a contractor's designer." That sounded good too, so good in fact that he passed out again, still smiling.

Gadget & Gimmick Department

By W. C. Bixby

THE MINUTE it was announced that the Army reached the moon by radar, talkative souls speculated on trips to the moon in the near future. And no sooner had they talked that up than the advertising manager of Burpo (the Nation's Breakfast Food) got busy and tried to lease space on the earth side of the moon. That's what I call progressive thinking. Imagine, if you can, a pair of young lovers trysting away like mad, and the moon rises. Instead of a beautiful glowing full moon, the lovers are startled to see in large letters, clearly visible, the huge selling slogan BUY BURPO. And in the dark of the moon there might appear the slogan in neon lights (multi-colored lights, of course) BUY MORE BURPO. The whole idea leaves me breathless. So now let's absorb ourselves with some trivia.

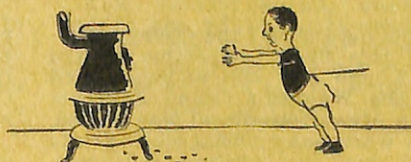


SOON it will be possible to stop lugging cartons of soft drink bottles to and fro trying to keep the family in a happy state of carbonation. There is a new tablet coming on the market that will turn a glass of ice water into a nice cola beverage, ten ounces no less. The cost of the drink is only one cent. The thirsty businessman could pocket a box of these tablets and startle associates at the board meeting by popping one into a glass of water. Who knows, it might even make board meetings a pleasure.



NO LONGER will it be necessary for you to lie awake nights tortured by a constant drip, drip, drip from a leaky faucet. The new faucet is designed so that the valve shut-off motion is in the direction of flow and the water pressure assists in keeping the valve closed. This late development in plumbing makes a person wonder why the revolutionary idea wasn't thought up long ago. I guess the immortals of plumbing development just wanted to do things the hard way and go against the current. The new faucets have plastic handles which are an improvement over metal ones since the hot-water spigot won't burn your hand when you reach to turn it off. These new handles also are supposed to resist acid, which is a nice closing thought.

HERE'S a mighty handy gadget to keep Junior in line even while he's playing. It's a 100-pound-test nylon cord with a spring reel attachment to put Junior on the spot. Attach the cord to Junior (not around his neck) and fasten the reel to any convenient hitching post; then forget



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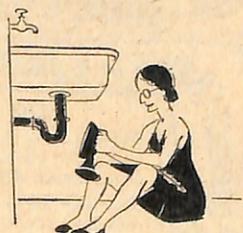


about him and go on reading the paper. When Junior moves about there is no slack to tangle him up since the spring reel takes up all slack automatically. You can plant Junior in the yard outdoors and be certain he won't wander into the street, or you can localize his activities in the house and keep him away from stoves and other hazards. The reel can also be held in the hand and when it is necessary to take Junior walking you have him like a lively trout on a line.

NOW let's take up the problem of getting Junior to sleep. He has scurried about at the end of his nylon cord all day. He has covered more miles than three adults and now, as the proud father tries to relax after dinner and read, all he can hear is Junior's plaintive wail which comes floating down the stairs. Junior can't go to sleep; Junior still has energy to burn and Father would give anything to have half as much. But wait a minute. There is silence from the upper story—a deceptive silence. There comes the patter of little feet to your chair side. "Daddy, I wanna drink a water."

There is a way to get Junior to sleep, short of physical violence. On the market now are packages of assorted paper figures which are coated with luminous paint. When the lights are out there is a fascinating (from Junior's point of view) display of stars, comets, planets and all. The figures are on white paper and would be invisible on a white painted wall or ceiling. They would also blend with any color the nursery happens to have. This new gadget might be worth a try to get peace in the household of an early evening.

THERE are certain moments in men's lives that make talk of a happy life seem terribly remote. To mention a few, there is the time when a kitchen drain must be opened because of clogging grease; or when men must defrost refrigerators; or even try to scrape paint from furniture which needs



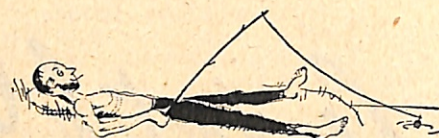
renovating. These low points in human existence are rapidly vanishing from the American scene—thanks to a gadget, the portable infra-red lamp. This lamp can be attached to a long extension cord and plugged in at any convenient outlet, then set to work on any of the above troubles. If grease clogs your drain, place the lamp near the trap and soon, very soon, the grease will melt. As for the refrigerator, turn it off and hold the lamp near the freezing unit and in about five minutes it's defrosted. If you have to scrape chairs to remove paint, just place this lamp of the genie near the wood surface and the paint will soften, curl and blister away. A single lamp will work for 5,000 hours, which isn't just overnight, you know.

IT IS next to impossible to find a man who takes his Christmas-present combination shaving kit with him on long trips—or short ones either, for that matter. Somehow those zipper kits are always a lot of trouble. But suppose all you had to take with you was a hairbrush. And suppose the hairbrush had a removable back which was a mirror in disguise. Then further, suppose that in the base of the brush, neatly arranged, lay a complete shaving kit. Wouldn't that be wonderful? I know it sounds a little fantastic, but such a brush can be bought today. In the base of the brush you will find a razor, a brush, a container for shaving cream and a little shelf for blades. The inside of the removable brush back is a mirror in disguise.



TIME was when one had to dig worms to go fishing. Such a prelude to fishing was one of the reasons why many men took up golf. Although some poets tried to make worm-digging a subject of delight, it always seemed just as gruesome as it really was. A person spaded around in the earth and raised a perspiration moving dirt and tugging at worms. When he finished and actually got to the lake or stream to fish, he was exhausted. This series of events was doubtless what caused artists to paint fishermen in positions of repose (see illus-

tration) and the public began thinking of fishermen as lazy people. Actually, they're not.



It is now time to bring fishing up to date and give the worms a chance to live. In response to this demand one outfit has developed a tube of stuff which is squeezed onto the hook in place of live bait. It is a special formula which is said to attract fish, sort of a piscatorial Chanel No. 5 I suppose you'd call it. At any rate, the formula was put to rigorous tests and attracted fish even when live bait failed. And since this stuff will keep indefinitely, it is excellent for the fisherman.

IT SEEMS the match manufacturers are going after the cigarette lighting trade in a big way. Matches will soon be on the market which carry a money-back guarantee if they fail to light after soaking them in water for four hours. So far as I can determine, the only people likely to benefit from this new match process are deep-sea divers and possibly a few sponge fishermen.



HERE is one that should set you to thinking. It is now possible to buy cigarettes with various flavors in the event you're too broke to buy the object containing the real flavor. Inhale a hearty whiff of smoke with Creme de Menthe flavoring, or Demi Tasse flavoring. Demi Tasse, you know, is coffee that smoked at an early age and stunted its growth. Now these next flavors may lead to trouble! It seems you can also get cigarettes with Martini and Manhattan flavors, just the flavor, not the effect.



The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 26)

the other Grand Lodge Officials.

The Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, in which the audience joined, was given by Judge John F. Scileppi, a member of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, and President of the New York State Elks Association.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies, P.E.R. Ralph W. Morris of Honolulu, T. H., Lodge, No. 616, presented a lei to Mayor O'Dwyer on behalf of Mayor Lester Petrie of Honolulu.

On this note closed the Opening Session of this 82nd Convention of the Grand Lodge and the audience filed out of the Waldorf's Grand Ballroom while an organ recessional was played.

There were many official social events planned for the visiting delegates. Tickets were made available to many plays and motion pictures, and reservations were made for those who wanted them to many of the city's outstanding cafes and night clubs. Golf was also

provided for those who desired to play, while New York Lodge enhanced its reputation for hospitality by holding Open House all during the six-day session.

Prior to the opening meeting many excursions were planned for the visitors, which included sight-seeing tours to the Empire State Building, Radio City Music Hall and other points of interest in the metropolis. The Ritualistic Contest also began in the Hotel Commodore.

On Monday, the first official day of the Convention, all visiting delegates and their ladies were the guests of the Convention Committee at the Radio City Music Hall for a special performance of the film, "Anna and the King of Siam".

Among the most important official events planned for Tuesday, after the First Business Session of the Grand Lodge, was a luncheon at the Hotel Commodore given by newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton of Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, No. 299, to the Exalted Rulers of the subordinate lodges. Another luncheon was given at the same hotel by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert S. Barrett for the District Deputies for the years 1944-45. The Commodore also accommodated the District Deputies for the years 1945-46 at a luncheon given for them by Retiring Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner.

That evening a brilliant ball was given for the Grand Lodge delegates and their ladies in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. There was superb entertainment and a dance band of the highest quality supplied the music.

On the following day, Wednesday, the Grand Lodge of Sorrow was held in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf. These Memorial Services were open to all Elks and their ladies and were widely attended. A further account of the Memorial Exercises appears elsewhere in this Magazine. All five lodge homes of the city of New York—New York No. 1, Bronx No. 871, Queens Borough No. 878, Brooklyn No. 22 and Staten Island No. 841—held Open House. The hospitality of these lodges, so lavishly extended, was deeply appreciated by hundreds of visiting Elks.

Another important affair on Wednesday was the luncheon given by the Elks War Commission for Major General Harold N. Gilbert, Assistant The Adjutant General for Military Personnel Procurement, in one of the private dining rooms of the Commodore. General Gilbert was the principal speaker at that morning's Business Session. This meeting was attended by many of the Past Grand Exalted Rulers, other distinguished members of the Order and the General's aids. The Press was also invited to this luncheon.

Perhaps more important to the ladies was an elaborate luncheon given at the Commodore highlighted by the fashion show sponsored by B. Altman & Company, smart New York department store.

On Thursday, after the Final Business Session of the Grand Lodge Reunion and the installation of the new Grand Lodge Officers, came the pageant and parade down Fifth Avenue. Pictures of the handsome floats appear on pages 22 and 23 in this issue.

Combining traditional parade bands, Drill Teams and floats bedecked with flowers and bathing beauties, 7,000 members of the Order marched down the Avenue to end the Grand Lodge's Eighty-second Convention.

Spectators were offered a full share of novelty and surprise in the hour and five minutes the parade took to pass. The Florida delegation, attempting to please all tastes, gave the public more than their money's worth and 13,000 oranges were thrown to the

crowds by Florida Elks riding in ten jeeps, supplemented by models dressed in bathing suits hurling the fruit from a float shaded with palm trees.

Led by former Grand Esquire Frank D. O'Connor of Queens Borough Lodge and a contingent from the 69th Regiment, the marching began at 2:30 p. m. Twenty-five states, Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands and the Panama Canal Zone, marching as separate units, were represented in the parade.

Mayor O'Dwyer saw the show from the reviewing stand at 67th Street. With him were Grand Exalted Ruler Broughton, Retiring Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner, Major General John J. Mangan, Commander of the 1st Brigade, New York Guard, Colonel William P. Cavanaugh, commanding the 69th Regiment, Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, former Governor of Florida, and other high officials of the Elks.

In one of the outstanding features of the national Convention, California Elks, in cooperation with Mercury Airfreight, rushed 25,000 freshly picked oranges by plane from Los Angeles to New York.

In New York members of the California delegation took over and, equipped with a fleet of jeeps, they tossed oranges by the thousands to onlookers along the crowded parade route July 11th. The outstanding California promotion was given national publicity.


A second plane-load of oranges and 25,000 individually wrapped prunes also destined for parade distribution by the California Elks failed to reach New York in time because it was grounded by bad flying weather. Hal Harper, Acting Secretary of the California Elks delegation, scouted around New York to find the proper place where this fruit could be distributed to underprivileged children. With the help of the *New York Herald Tribune* the fruit was shipped to the eight Fresh Air Fund Camps in the New York Metropolitan area where 8,000 children participated in feasting upon it.

Oregon had the most expensive and glamorous float. Designed with flowers said to be worth \$3,000, the float was topped with a huge beaver fashioned of marigolds. The name of the state was spelled out in roses along the side. This float also contained its share of femininity.

Seeking the unusual, the West Virginia contingent was led by a dozen members riding white Arabian horses. New Jersey had variety, with a float carrying members dressed as city-version farmers seated around a large paper pumpkin, followed by a bathing beauty standing in a lifeboat surrounded by lifeguards.

The color scheme was predominantly purple, the official Elks color. Some of the delegates showed the color in their hats, others in their ties, some in the uniforms of the band, but the New York delegation from Troy went to the extreme in preparing for any eventuality. About fifty marchers carried purple umbrellas over their heads. Rain seemed to threaten all day, but it never fell.

This colorful parade marked the end of the Elks Eighty-second Convention, and at its conclusion 20,000 Elks and their families left New York, tired but satisfied by the biggest Grand Lodge Session the Order has ever held.




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Vacations Unlimited

(Continued from page 7)

containers. Soon the silks, the brass and the ivory for which the section was famous should be in full stock once more.

A guided tour is almost a necessity if one is to see San Francisco's Chinatown well. It should include a visit to the Kong Chow temple, to the Chinese telephone exchange, where calls are put through either by name or number to some 2,400 subscribers, to a Chinese theatre and perhaps a Chinese home. A meal in a restaurant and a sampling of either lichee nuts or Chinese candy is a suitable filip for the trip.

San Francisco's hills, its cable cars and its bridges make the most striking impressions on travelers. The hills—there are fourteen, I believe—are so steep that it seems the greatest recklessness to park an automobile on them. They are likewise so steep that ordinary street-cars can not climb them, so that the cable-car system was installed. The bridges, hallmarks of the city, are the Golden Gate, which has a channel span of 4,200 feet, and the Bay, which provides an 8¼-mile-long thoroughfare to Oakland. Both are 200 feet above the water, so that a ship a quarter again as high as the "America," our finest and largest ocean liner, can easily pass under them.

SAN FRANCISCO is an excellent center from which to explore northern California. Fifty-four miles away is Santa Clara, in a valley which Luther Burbank described as "the chosen spot of all the earth" and where he carried on his world-famous experiments with plants. His home and his gardens can still be seen there. Still farther north are the great stands of redwood, groves of trees that were already flourishing when Cleopatra ruled Egypt and that today often reach 300 feet in height. The greatest of all, towering 364 feet and measuring 47 feet in circumference at its base, is in Founders' Grove, near Dyerville.

East through the Great Central Valley, the grape country, and somewhat south of San Francisco is Yosemite National Park. I shall always remember a little valley en route, near San Jose, where sage grew and the delicious odor of it kept our mouths watering for miles by reviving memories of stuffed turkeys and chickens and roast pork with dressing.

Yosemite Park, containing 1,176

square miles, is much larger than its great feature, Yosemite Valley. A mile wide, a mile deep and seven miles long, the valley is one of the most spectacular scenic attractions in the West. The green meadows which carpet its floor and its stands of timber are set against a backdrop of granite walls, huge domes and great peaks, with cascades and waterfalls tumbling down the sides of its mountains. The valley is open the year around, and those who come late will find skiing and skating and sleigh-riding there in December and the winter and early Spring months.

DRIVING down the coast from San Francisco, most travelers stop at Monterey, at the little art colony at Carmel and at Santa Barbara, the California city most conscious of its Spanish heritage. Los Angeles, 95 miles below Santa Barbara, is itself a great metropolis rather than primarily a resort and the tourist attractions of this region lie around and nearby rather than actually in it. Travelers with children, however, usually make it a point to visit the ostrich and the alligator farms and everyone also turns sooner or later to Olvera Street, the Mexican market section.

Olvera Street—it is only about two blocks long—is crowded with Mexican restaurants and tiny shops, many of them open-air, in which Mexican jewelry, gaily painted clay pig banks, glassware, serapes and other Mexican wares are sold. It is one of the few streets in the world which manages to be completely commercial and at the same time completely charming.

Should you visit Olvera Street in mid-September, you'll be lured into a colorful celebration of Mexico's Independence. The residents of the section don gay Mexican and Spanish costumes, musicians stroll the streets twanging guitars, and sidewalk cafes put out their most brightly colored awnings. Visitors are often welcomed to the celebration with the "cascaron" ceremony. The cascaron is an eggshell filled with confetti, and breaking it over a traveler's head makes him a "paisano" or native, free to join in the gay fiesta.

Hollywood is a "must" for most first-time visitors to California. The movie studios are closed to visitors, of course, since conversation would interfere with sound-recording. But there are two ways to see the stars in person: either stay around

the NBC and CBS studios, where many of them go to make broadcasts, or join any small group which suddenly forms out of nowhere. You can be certain that the group's attention is focused on Clark Gable, Bing Crosby, Ginger Rogers or someone else of film fame.

MANY places near Los Angeles deserve a visit. There's Long Beach, whose amusement pier is a worthy West Coast rival of New York's Coney Island and whose Signal Hill, a giant pincushion studded with oil wells, has long produced much of the nation's petroleum. There's Redondo Beach, where moonstones are washed up by the ocean; there are Venice and quiet Pasadena and Riverside, with its beautiful homes and palm-lined drives.

But San Diego calls too, that sprawling city which dozed so long in the sun and then awoke a few months before Pearl Harbor to find itself one of the great airplane manufacturing centers of the country. I don't know whether San Diego has gone back to dozing—I hope it has—but it still has one of the most delightful climates of any region in California. Its Balboa Park, covering about 1400 acres near the heart of the city, is one of the largest in the nation and its Russ High School, a series of grey castle-like buildings at the edge of the park, is wholly delightful.

A boat trip in the land-locked harbor reveals the curiously foreign atmosphere of San Diego. Its one-story houses, painted white or pastel shades of yellow, green or blue, hug the sides of rather barren hills and seem transported from some Mexican or South American or even Riviera landscape. There's a foreign touch too in Ramona's Marriage Place, in the Exposition buildings of Balboa Park, and in the nearby Mission San Diego de Alcalá, first of the famous missions which Father Serra founded up and down the California coast.

Three places nearby are included on nearly every visit to San Diego and the region about it. The first, Mission Beach, has excellent surf-swimming and a fine amusement center. La Jolla, a picturesque town perched on cliffs above the sea, is one of the most attractive in California. And finally, just below the border in Mexico is Tia Juana, not quite as fascinating as it was in prohibition days but still worth-while for its races and its flavor of another land.

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What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 16)

Linda, the heroine, is raised by her uncle and aunts, for she was deserted at birth by her mother, a famous belle, who is spoken of in the family as "the Bolter" because of her habit of running out on a series of successively less desirable husbands and lovers. Poor Linda, who from her youth is in love with love, is afraid that her life will resemble her mother's. But though her first husband, a banker and her second husband, a Communist, don't work out, Linda at last finds true love. To the relief of the entire family she does not turn into a second "Bolter".

The reader of this novel watches a group of engaging girls and boys grow up into engaging adults. Some wacky and some sane. Their life and conversation is so appealingly set down that you'll find yourself incorporating some of their pet expressions into your conversation.

Until now the outstanding practitioner in the English Country Life department has been Angela Thirkell. I think Miss Mitford outclasses her. Whereas Mrs. Thirkell is one of the characters she writes about, complete with minor snobberies and prejudices, Miss Mitford stands outside her gentle comedy and shows you high life in its proper perspective.

Incidentally, Nancy Mitford is a sister of the ill-fated Unity Mitford-Freeman who made a fool of herself over Adolf Hitler. Sister Nancy's civilized novel, written with real affection and respect for the human race, should go a long way toward restoring the honor of the family.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NONSENSE

by Bergen Evans

Alfred A. Knopf \$3.00

This high-spirited and completely fascinating book is a delusion-buster. It's bound to make you angry, for there are few things more painful to the human adult than having a delusion, no matter how minor, taken away from him. Try this for size:

On page 66 of *The Natural History of Nonsense* Mr. Evans* rides like a bulldozer over the generally accepted belief that wolf packs attack people. First of all he quotes unimpeachable wolf-experts to the effect that wolves don't travel in packs. Then he goes on to say, "For years the Biological Survey in Washington investigated every published account of the killing of human beings by wolves in the United States and Canada, and without a single exception they proved to be purely imaginary." So, fairy-tales to the contrary, according to all evidence worthy of the name wolves don't

attack people—and that includes Russian villagers.

Are you sore yet? I was. I was pretty smug until I came to this page 66, and then I felt a personal antagonism towards Mr. Evans for busting my wolf-delusion, and I turned the pages very cautiously from then on, wondering when I would next get slapped. And if the wolves don't get your goat, wait till you see what Mr. Evans does to current beliefs about the octopus, about homing pigeons, about males vs. females.

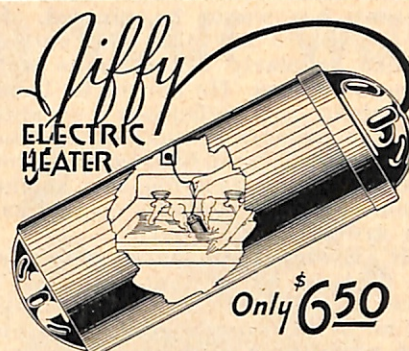
"This book," says the author in his introduction, "is intended as a sort of handbook for recruits in the gay cause of common sense." And in the last paragraph of the last chapter he tells the by-now-punch-drunk reader: "Obscurantism and tyranny go together as naturally as skepticism and democracy. The civilized man has a moral obligation to be skeptical, to demand the credentials of all statements that claim to be facts. For in the last analysis all tyranny rests on fraud, on getting someone to accept false assumptions, and any man who for one moment abandons or suspends the questioning spirit has for that moment betrayed humanity."

In between these two dicta Mr. Evans operates like a heavyweight champ gone berserk in a china shop. The air around him is thick with shards, flying fur, and cries of "help!" He wears iron knuckles and his gloves are weighted with pungent quotations from recognized authorities. For example, in the case of the octopus which, as every movie-goer and sea-yarn reader "knows", is a blood-thirsty man-eater, Mr. Evans quotes an irritated scientist to the effect that "a farmer in a cornfield is in more danger of being attacked by a pumpkin than a swimmer is of being attacked by an octopus".

And so it goes. Take this right uppercut aimed at the "maternal instinct" in animals: Evans quotes a recent article in a reputable newspaper which assures its readers that the mother lioness "destroys her offsprings rather than have the cubs grow up in slavery" and refers to a similar mercy-killing by a mother animal described in *Life*. "Lame though such explanations are when applied to the mammals," comments Mr. Evans, "they become even lamer as we descend the scale. Female fish eat their own eggs a great deal, but even *Life* would probably grant that this was due rather to the creatures' personal liking for caviar than to any high-minded resolve to prevent their fry from growing up into fillets or spectacles in an aquarium."

The temptation to quote the entire 275 pages here is almost irresistible, but I doubt if the book's publisher or Mr. Evans—delusion-free though

*He's really Dr. Evans. He was born in Franklin, Ohio; got his doctorate at Harvard and now teaches at Northwestern University.



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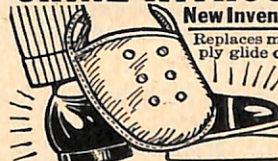


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he may be—would be pleased. It will suffice to say that the author attacks scholarly delusions as well as popular ones. He frowns on loose talk about the “efficiency” of ants and the romantic instinct of the Latin. You should be glad to know that he pops a fast one-two at the notion that the comforts of civilization are making us soft.

Mr. Evans, I am sure, would be the first to agree that he doesn't know everything about everything, and he would expect you to read his book with the skepticism he recommends towards all purveyors of “facts”. But sometimes he becomes so exhilarated by his delusion-busting that he sounds dogmatic and, in at least one case, he buttresses a conclusion with a quote from an authority whose wisdom he has previously questioned.

THIS is not a book for children, or for timid men and women who prefer to keep their minds in cotton-batting. But it is highly recommended to all brave and lusty adults who are not afraid to have a little flooring removed from under their feet; who can talk back to the author if they know he's off base. It is most highly recommended to all readers who feel that it is a fine idea to recharge one's gray matter every few years with a few new thoughts, a few doubts and re-examinations, and a few hours of exposure to a lively, salty, benignant-mischievous personality.

ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE

An Anthology of Modern Science-Fiction Stories

Edited by Raymond J. Healy and
J. Francis McComas

Random House \$2.95

Interplanetary tourists, time-travelers, Pro-Martians, Anti-Venusians, robot-and-rocket fanciers and any other connoisseurs of science fiction who have not already received this information by telepathy, are herewith notified that a tremendous new anthology of 35 science-fiction stories and novelettes has just been published.

Gravity-bound earthling that I am, it has taken me five long evenings to travel through this two-ton anthology. I return dizzy, fascinated and horrified, to make a report on the State of the Universe to other members of my Race. (Note: the word Race in Science Fiction refers to the Planet on which you live. Our descendants, being under constant threat of invasion from distant planets whose names you don't even know yet, have no time to distinguish among black, white and yellow earth-men. Any earthling is a pal in a hostile universe. Even friendly Martians are regarded as equals. Though Venusians, according to one report, are not too well thought of.)

This, then, is the dilemma of the

science-fiction writer. Like a sightless man trying to imagine color, he attempts gallantly to people other planets with beings, Things—and Things are always more frightening than beings—creatures completely different from ourselves. But the poor author's imagination is, unfortunately, earth-bound. So what we get are cat-faced men, crinkly green-skinned men, beings with corrugated foreheads, Things with three red eyes and blue hair, and other super-side-show freaks.

Of all these strange characters there was only one for whom I was able to feel any affection. That's Guzub, a Martian bartender. With his tentacles going like sixty (it is generally agreed that Martians have tentacles) he mixes the best Three Planets cocktail in all the galaxies. For your information, a Three Planets is made of one part Terrene rum, 170 proof, one part Venusian margil, and a dash or so of Martian vuzd. Makes vodka taste like spring water. Guzub, who does interesting things to the English language through a Martian inability to pronounce slurred consonants — instead of “cocktail” he says “gogdail”—comes from one of the best stories in the book, Anthony Boucher's *Q.U.R.*, which tells what happens when our whole economy is geared to robots—and the robots start getting nervous breakdowns.

ODDLY enough, most of these extra-terrestrial creatures possess more physical and mental power than earth-men. Evidently the price of letting your imagination roam through interstellar space is an uneasy feeling that human beings are not too terrific after all.

But when it comes to the technological future of our own earth race, the science-fiction writers display no unwholesome humility. They conjure up a world in which all hard labor, and much of the “brain” work is done by robots, a world whose least remarkable features are weekend rocket trips to the moon and escalator highways coast-to-coast. They explore the comforts of this world and its dangers. Some of their predictions (the use of atomic power and rockets) have already been fulfilled, and others may be too. For I am told that once the author of an 85th Century vignette assumes the solution of a yet unconquered scientific or technical problem, from there on he proceeds according to sound scientific principles.

A particularly entertaining feature of these stories is time-travel. Our descendants of eons to come have time machines which allow them to move at will into the past and future, and which pose such problems as this: If you travel into the past, will your actions in the past have any effect on the present?

And now let's add up the score for *Adventures in Time and Space*. On

the debit side: too many of the stories seem to me badly written. The authors are so intent on inventing strange circumstances that they pay too little attention to how genuine human beings, or genuine Martians for that matter, would react to these circumstances. Many of the authors take science-fiction very seriously as a form of revelation, so that their style becomes mystical and silly. In a medium that demands wit and imagination, too few of these stories are truly imaginative.

On the credit side: these tales are, even so, more imaginative than the formula love stories you find in most magazines. Here for once you have short stories in which the authors concern themselves with other themes than boy-meets-girl. And that's lucky too, because in the few cases where romance intrudes, as in the story of the earth-man who is attracted to a Klugg lady with double his I.Q., the results are embarrassing. When a writer of some ingenuity and imagination does appear, you get some really entertaining tales, for example:

TIME LOCKER by Lewis Padgett is the story of a crook who hides his booty in the future—and has a terrible time trying to get it back into the present. *The Twonky*, by the same author, tells of a laborer of the future who slips through a crack in time and, finding himself on a present-day assembly line in the same factory, naturally turns out the same machine that he “used to” make in the future. It looks just like a radio. But when a young couple buy it and try to tune in on a radio program, the most amazing things happen. Anthony Boucher's *Q.U.R.*, referred to above, and Fredric Brown's *The Star Mouse* are excellent readings. And the best story of all is Henry Hasse's *He Who Shrank*, a never-ending journey into sub-atomic infinity which poses the question: “What universes do we destroy when we explode a single, solitary atom?” Among other authors represented are Robert Heinlein, A. E. Van Vogt, and Maurice Hugi.

Verdict: I have not become a science-fiction fan, but I can see how it might get you.

YEARS OF WRATH

A Cartoon History: 1931-1945

by David Low

with text by Quincy Howe

Simon and Schuster \$3.75

Here is a collection of the most significant cartoons by the most brilliant political cartoonist of our times. They tell the story of World War II and the diplomatic tragedies that led up to it. CBS news analyst Quincy Howe has written a brief, incisive commentary for each cartoon. Seems to me that this picture book offers a clearer view of what we've been through than you'll get from generations of tome-writing historians.

Better fishing is coming your way



1870 Good freshwater fishing is coming closer and closer to your door. If plans now afoot succeed, fishing spots should soon be as plentiful for you as they were for your grandfather 'way back in 1870—when Corby's was a 12 year-old Canadian name.



1910 Your dad saw U.S. fish life at its lowest point. Stream pollution by factories and cities, along with indiscriminate fishing by trap line and net, had reduced good fishing to a relatively rare sport as Corby's reached its 52nd year of Canadian fame.



1920 Steps were taken by state and Federal authorities to save fishing as a national pastime. Catches were limited and fish hatcheries were built for re-stocking streams and lakes. Fishing started its comeback as Corby's became a 62 year-old Canadian tradition.



1946 The future is bright for fishermen everywhere. The wily trout, fighting bass, and delicious perch are back in their haunts of old. And as you assemble your tackle for your next fishing trip, *lay in a bottle of Corby's*. This light, sociable whiskey with the grand old Canadian name is sure to be a welcome addition to the party!



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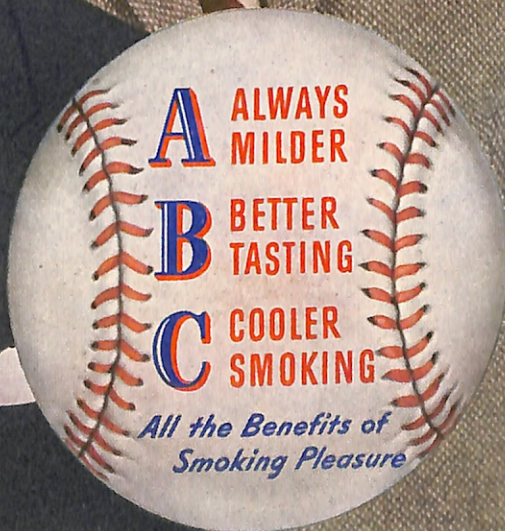
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